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HOUSE OF THE MIDNIGHT SOUND.

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CHAPTER I.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Judge Havens pulled his iron-gray goatee and looked thoughtfully at his visitor.

The latter, a man of about his own age, looked out of the window.

The judge spoke. "And so, Jack, you want to give up the house?"

"Yes," said Jack Allen. "I am going to move over on Washington street."

"It hasn't been two months since you rented my house," said Judge Havens thoughtfully.

"Yes, it has been two months; at least, all but a few days."

"Look here, Jack," said Judge Havens suddenly, "to be frank with you, I don't like this. You came to this town because we are old chums. You rent my house which luckily is vacant at the time, and now in less than two months you want to move out. What is there over on Washington street to attract you?"

"It's near my church," said Jack Allen.

"No nearer than where you live now," said the judge.

"It's a good neighborhood."

"No better than where you are now."

"To be quite plain about it," said Jack Allen, "my wife and daughter both insist on it."

"As for me," added Allen, staring thoughtfully, or rather furtively, from the window, "I don't care. But I must have peace in the family and to have it we must move over to Washington street."

"Now, Jack, be a little plainer with me, and tell me why your wife and daughter want to move."

The man of fifty stirred uneasily in his chair and coughed.

"Look here, Jack," said Judge Havens, "speak to me as the old friend you have always been. Be frank with me. I will tell you this; I moved to Goldenburg four years ago. That property you've rented from me was a cinch, it seemed to me; so cheap, in fact, that I pitied the man I bought it from. Well, you are the third party I've rented it to, and nobody has stayed there a year; the longest time it was occupied was eight months. Now, is anything the matter with that place? Haven't you had good health while there?"

"Sure! Don't I look fat enough?"

"Then out with it. What's the matter?"

"I hardly know how to tell you," said Allen, dropping his voice. "It sounds ridiculous. Mind you, I am not moving out on my own account. But my wife has nerves and my daughter is young."

"Isn't that place as good for nerves as any place?"

"No, it is not," said Allen promptly.

Judge Havens pulled his goatee as if ringing a bell for an answer, as he said, "Why, Jack, why?"

"I don't know why other people didn't like to stay in your house, Judge, but I'll be frank with you about my wife and daughter. Here's the trouble. There's a curious noise there sometimes, and we can't lay our finger on the cause of it, and we don't like noises unless we know what makes 'em."

"Oh, tut, tut, tut!" cried Judge Havens impatiently. "Don't put up an antiquated tale of haunted houses."

"I'm not doing anything of the sort. Who believes in haunted houses any more?"

"That's what I want to know!" cried the owner of the house in question.

"No," said Jack Allen, of course not. It is the last word I would use. The house is all right. We like the house. But we don't like sounds unless we know the cause of the sounds. And sounds are there, and I won't be bullied into saying they're not," added Allen with humorous pugnacity.

"Perhaps," scoffed the judge, "somebody has told you that's a haunted house and you've imagined white forms and mysterious movements. That's enough to lose tenants. Give a house a bad name, and tear it down; you can't rent it any more."

Jack Allen shook his head. "I've never heard a word against the place. Maybe that's because I've lived in Goldenburg only two months."

"I never heard a word of strange sounds before," Havens declared, "and I've lived here four years."

"Yes," said Allen, "but you see, you own the house. Naturally people aren't going to come to you with tales about your own property."

"But why didn't the other tenants put up a roar about noises when they came to me to give up the premises?"

Allen hesitated, then said, "Because they hated to make themselves ridiculous by talking about ghostly sounds. Of course nobody believes in ghosts. They would have been guyed unmercifully. If you and I weren't chums from childhood, I wouldn't have said a word on the subject."

"Even as it is," said Judge Havens grimly, "I've had to force it from your reluctant lips."

Allen grinned assent.

"Now," said Judge Havens in a determined voice, "I purpose to get at the bottom of this thing. Look at me and quit staring out that window."

To invare obedience, the judge pulled down the blind of his office window.

Jack Allen with a sigh replied, "I hate to go into definite details, it all sounds so impossible and foolish, don't you know. But my wife and daughter are determined to leave the place, and I'll tell you why.

"Now, Judge, you know I'm not good at describing. I don't know what it sounds like. All I can tell you is that it sounds and that it is always about midnight when we hear it, and that it doesn't come every night, though my wife has a vague impression that it does every night. Well, maybe it does. Maybe sometimes I am asleep and fail to hear it."

"It is reasonable to suppose," remarked the judge, "that you are sometimes asleep at midnight; yes. And so you can't tell me what it sounds like?"

"No, I can't. But that doesn't matter. The sounds come and we—and we go."

"Do you think any other tenants heard this sound?"

"I don't know. But if they did, I don't blame 'em for putting out."

Judge Havens whistled ruefully. "That's it. That's why I got the place so cheap. Doubtless it is known to the old settlers as the haunted house of Goldenburg. Some living sentinel, or family of mice, or prowling cat has even imposed upon you."

"That's all right, I'm not going to argue about it, and I wouldn't say a word to injure your property. All we mean to do is to simply get out."

I sincerely hope that noise will follow you!" cried the other.

Much obliged, Judge, but I fancy you brought that noise with the house and yard."

There was a dead silence of at least five minutes, while Judge Havens stroked his goatee and Jack Allen frowned at the window-shade.

At last the house owner started up impatiently. "What do you advise me to do, Jack?"

Allen grinned and answered readily. "Go there and spend a few nights yourself. Then you won't need anybody to describe your sounds."

"Nonsense. Not much! I can never sleep when I change my bed. No, sir. Besides, even if I heard the sounds, what good would that do me? I don't want to hear 'em; I want to stop 'em, to find the cause of 'em. I've paid out a good two thousand for that place, and it's worth four thousand, at least. It's worth four thousand without counting the rent. Jack, you used to be pretty good at helping me out of scrapes at school; do something to help me out of this jolly!"

"Keep still, I'm thinking," came the answer. At last Allen added, "I believe I have it."

"What?"

"Ever hear of Keeneyes?"

"Keeneyes, the detective? Sure."

"Well, they say he never failed in a murder or robbery or disappearance mystery; might be can do as well with haunted houses."

"Hush! Please don't use that expression when I'm there, if it gets out I might as well burn it up."

"I think that expression is already used to describe it," said Allen, shaking his head.

"I believe your suggestion is good," said the Judge. "Where does Keeneyes live?"

"I believe his address is Banks, Mo."

"Married man?"

"Yes, he married a Wyndham."

"Perhaps he would come and live in the house and detect the sounds."

"There'd be no harm in trying him," said Allen.

"I'll drop him a letter today," declared Judge Havens, with a determined nod.

CHAPTER II.

KEENEYES CALLED INTO COUNCIL.

Three days later Judge Havens telephoned to his old college chum to come around to his office.

Jack obeyed the call.

He came into the office in his shirt sleeves, and looked rueful.

"Ah" said the judge grimly, "moving, I see."

"Yes," said Allen ruefully, "we're out of your haunted house now, and I hardly know how soon I'll see and daughter. They are so disreputable-looking."

"If I knew how I could procure a ghost at reasonable rates," said Judge Havens, "I'd send it around to scare you superstitious people out of your new home."

Jack Allen sank into a chair with a sigh. "You can't say anything to me that's worse," wearily. "I've been putting up the stovepipes."

"I want to show you something," said the judge. He stepped to his desk and took out a large envelope. "This is a copy of the letter I wrote the detective," he said. Then he read:

"Mr. Richard Zellers.

"Banks, Mo.

"Dear Sir: Kindly let me know if you can undertake a mystery case for me at once."

The reader looked up and said, "Anything the matter with that?"

"That's all right."

Judge Havens resumed: "The case is not one that requires immediate attention, or that will necessarily occupy uninterrupted time. Please quote me your terms."

Again the judge looked up and asked, "Anything wrong in that?"

"That's all right."

"Yes," said Judge Havens. "Well, now look at the letter."

He drew from his pocket a letter received that morning and opened it. He read:

"Sir: Your most curious communication at hand. As to my terms, I never charge a retainer unless I've the mystery, and if I solve it, my price depends upon the nature of the mystery. As to your particular case, it is one which requires immediate attention, and would not necessarily "occupy uninterrupted time," you had better employ some other man. I do not undertake mystery cases unless they offer interesting developments, or are supremely important. Another word, my dear Judge; when I undertake a case, it is because people come to me and not that I first go to them. If I say that as Keeneyes my reputation has some sound the world, it is no more than everybody knows; but perhaps you were ignorant of the fact and I do not seek notoriety and that I never go after business; and I am

"Very truly yours,

"RICHARD ZELLERS."

When Judge Havens had finished reading aloud, he stared at Allen and Allen stared at him.

Presently Allen cried with conviction, "Well, what amazing impudence!"

The judge nodded his solemn acquiescence.

"Well," said Allen, "will you follow his advice and get another detective?"

"But I want this egotistical Keeneyes," murmured the judge.

There was silence in the office.

Then Jack Allen said, "If there is anything more than another that I want it would be to be called out of town till our new quarters are fit to live in. I'm going to Banks, Missouri, in the morning and bearing this lion in his own den. What say you? I'd like to see the fellow, and I do not fear if we could find it handy to stop off at St. Louis for a few days and then come back to Goldenburg my wife would likely have the pictures all hung exactly where she wants 'em and the baby's crib she can't blame it to me."

Judge Havens chuckled.

"I'm your boy in hour of need," he said. "The next morning there is a few gray-headed fellows, with a feeling of boys on a holiday, took the train for Missouri.

They felt for the moment a sense of pity and tolerance natural to all true Kentuckians. Everything from their window suggested something that was better in the blue grass country.

They reached Banks and found it inferior to any Kentucky town known to them with the exception of Goldenburg.

They were driven in the hack to the door of Richard Zellers.

In answer to their ring, they were shown into the parlor.

When left alone the judge murmured, "Strange parlor for a detective! I expected to see false faces and handcuffs hung about the walls and pistols in the desk. Well, they are so wild and do such unexpected things that I'm not surprised."

Richard Zellers appeared at the door, tall, thin, dark, with a pale face and long white hands hanging at his side, his gray eyes on the alert.

Jack Allen introduced himself and presented the Judge.

The detective said, "Well, Mr. Keeneyes, you were pretty hard on us, making us come all the way from Kentucky to your house."

"Ah," said Keeneyes, "then you are the Judge Havens who wrote to ask my terms for service?"

"Sir, I am."

"As I indicated in my reply, I am not hunting business. As the specialists say, I do not solicit."

"We have brought you the case," said the judge a trifle stiffly.

"I cannot say that I will accept it," said Keeneyes. "You may unfold it to me if you like."

"There is no need to explain it if you do not know you would serve me," said the judge, now decidedly stiff.

Keeneyes smiled. "Permit me to explain," he said. "Judge Havens, I have a great desire to undertake a mystery case; philanthropy or personal pleasure, if I feel I can really serve society by solving a mystery I solve it; also, if it promises to amuse me, I go in for it. Some mysteries of crimes ends promise to be reached in the case, why should I undertake a lot of trouble? I don't want the mystery to have a missing wife; and last week every man I voted for was elected to office, and I am filled with the smile of ease and contentment.

"It is a fine day," he remarked Allen, "that you haven't moved into the house."

Keeneyes smiled appreciatively and said, I suppose you have?"

"Yes," said Allen briefly, then glancing at Judge Havens.

There was a rather awkward silence. Judge Havens had been accustomed to more consideration. He felt half inclined to scold him.

Keeneyes addressed Allen cheerily, "You, too, live in Goldenburg?"

"I do," and again Allen looked uneasily at the judge.

"May I ask from what part of the country you moved, Mr. Allen? I used to be pretty well acquainted in Kentucky."

"You mistake," said Allen. "I was already living in Goldenburg. We moved only about two months ago from New Castle. I was merely moving from one house to another, in Goldenburg."

"Ah, yes," said Keeneyes, nodding. "It is certainly a troublous way of spending one's life."

He said no more.

Judge Havens rose stiffly. "Well, Mr. Keeneyes, since you cannot promise me your aid I believe I will not take any more of your valuable time, I cannot say that my mystery case is for the blessings of society, and I do not know that it would interest you, since we are so unfortunate as not to be acquainted with your individual tastes. And so with your kind permission, we will wish you a pleasant good day."

Jack Allen arose reluctantly.

"Certainly you have my permission to wish me a pleasant good day," responded Keeneyes, "and I thank you for the courtesy. At the same time I will confess that your mystery case rather interests me, and I will undertake it. If you still desire."

"How, sir!" cried Judge Havens sternly. "You tell me that my case interests you when you do not even know its nature?"

"Oh, I know it very well, thanks to what you and your friend have told me," responded Keeneyes with a smile.

"But we have told you nothing."

"My dear Judge, artists do not have to write under the inspiration for my benefit. "This is a Cat.' In like manner, I do not have to be told in so many words that it is a cold case sufficient. I can perceive in like manner, you and your friend have unintentionally told me something that interests me."

"What have we told you?" demanded Allen.

Keeneyes rubbed his hands with great glee and said, "You, Judge Havens, own the house from which Mr. Allen has just moved. And you, Mr. Allen, are moving from that house in person. In point of finance, it is haunted. Now, I simply dote on all haunted houses. I am sorry you left so soon as I found out that it was a haunted house proposition I was ready to go with you."

Judge Havens was amazed. "But how did you know?" he cried.

"Mr. Allen dislikes moving, yet he moves out of a house into another in the same town, and you, Judge Havens, are moving. He cannot wait for the time to expire between the two houses, or he would not. But he does not drop a word of explanation or console himself with an expression of regret. Nevertheless, he looks repeatedly at Judge Havens for permission to explain. The Judge appears to suppress his fear. It is then clear to me that the house belongs to Judge Havens, that the bugbear is the mystery in the case, and that the house is presumably haunted."

"But that would necessarily follow," interposed Allen.

"Well," said Keeneyes, "it did follow, didn't it?" and he chuckled.

"As it happens, it follows," said Allen somewhat hotly.

"It was a reasonable inference," said Keeneyes, "and such a reasonable inference is good enough for me."

Judge Havens resumed his seat. "Mr. Keeneyes, I have been repeatedly told that on second thought, I will unfold the case to you."

Allen sat down with relief at this turn of affairs.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY DESCRIBED.

Judge Havens opened up the case as follows:

"Some four years ago I moved to Goldenburg from New Castle, Kentucky.

"I had left New Castle a year when it was brought to my attention that a certain piece of property on a good street was being sold at sheriff sale.

"It was unoccupied. In fact, no tenants had been in the house for years.

"The place was a cottage of four rooms and cellar.

"I bought it for two thousand.

"Shortly after I got the deed to it a family moved in from Tennessee.

They occupied the place for eight months, then moved to another part of the town. For about a year the house was idle. Then some newcomers from Virginia moved to the town. I rented the house to the Williams a month. I had charged the Tennessee family eighteen dollars per month the place four months. Then they moved to another part of the town.

"Soon after came a lifelong friend of mine, moved to Goldenburg, and, naturally I rented him the place. I only charged him twelve and a half. Rent had ceased to be a consideration to me; what I wanted was a good house.

"Well, sir, this scamp comes to me three days ago with the news that he was going to move to another part of the city.

"Then it was that I demanded an explanation.

"I wanted to know what was the matter with this house.

"Allen didn't want to tell me.

"But on the grounds of old-time friendship, he consented that we have it out privately.

"And I've brought him along to tell it himself, for it's too ridiculous for me to repeat. I have told you fully all of my part of the matter.

"On the contrary," returned Keeneyes, "you have left much untouched. But we will take them up later. Mr. Allen, tell me fully everything you can about the house. Don't omit this mysterious house."

"It is told in a word," said Allen. "There were curious noises at night, and we couldn't find out what made them, so my wife don't know how to tell it."

That is absolutely all there is to it: just queer noises."

"I am sure you can tell me more than that;" cried Keeneyes frowning.

"Well, there isn't there is to tell."

"Come, come!" cried Keeneyes impatiently, "what kind of noises, Mr. Allen? What did they sound like?"

"I'm not good at describing," said Allen. "I don't know how to tell it."

"But surely you can give a general idea of those sounds."

"No, I can't. They were just noises, that's all I know about it."

"Were they like steam whistles, for instance?"

"Why, of course not."

"Were they melodious?—musical?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"Were they sharp, quick, like an instantaneous snapshot?"

"No, hardly that."

"What did they remind you of?"

Jack Allen rubbed his iron-gray hair in desperation and then said, "Well, something like the flop of a frog."

Keeneyes repeated thoughtfully, "The flop of a frog? Yes. Very good. The flop. The flop of a frog. Yes. How many times do you hear it?"

"A good many times. I didn't keep count. I tried to pay no attention to it after we had given up discovering the cause of it."

"Was it day or night?"

"In the night time."

"Always in the night time?"

"Yes, always at one o'clock."

"This interests me immensely. How do you know that it was always at one o'clock?"

"Because always as soon as the town clock would strike—and our own clock ran by the town clock—then we would hear the noise."

"How many frog-flops did you hear in succession? Sometimes a good many and sometimes just a few?"

"Oh, no, there was never but the one sound."

"Then the clock would strike one and the frog would flop one?"

"Just so."

"And at no other time did you hear this sound?"

"At no other time."

"Look here, Allen," remonstrated Judge Havens, "you never told me all of this."

"Well, it was all in my mind," said Allen, "but somebody had to know how to question me in order to draw it out. Go on, Mr. Keeneyes, I am greatly surprised to find how much I know about this."

"With pleasure," said Keeneyes. "When did you first hear this sound? The first night of your going in the house after several nights?"

"We had been living there about a week."

"You are usually a sound sleeper?"

"I am."

"Then on this particular night you happened to be wakeful?"

"I suppose so. Anyhow I heard that sound."

"Well, was your wife awake?"

"Yes, she was."

"And did you say to her, 'What's that?' "

"I did. And she told me that she hadn't know, but she had heard the night before and hadn't wanted to wake me up about it, as she didn't mind."

"Where was the sound?"

"Apparently right there in our bedroom."

"And where is your bedroom?"

"Upstairs, the west room. The house is of one story and four rooms above and two below. And a cellar."

"Quite an incompetent arrangement," observed Keeneyes. "So the parlor and dining room are on the ground floor, and where can the kitchen be?"

"That's not my affair," remarked Judge Havens, "I let people the house and they can have the kitchen where they please."

Keeneyes smiled. "Well, then, did you get used to the sounds?"

"No, it didn't seem to get used to it. It kept up a monotonous regularity."

"But you heard it the night you moved in?"

"I didn't but my wife did."

"She woke me up to investigate. I noticed the lumber."

"You don't have electric lights?"

"Not in either room." And it seemed to be evident where the conversation was going. But everything was exactly in its place. I had put the clock on the mantel and it was one o'clock, and that reminded me that the night before I had heard the sound just after the striking of the hour and I mentioned that fact to my wife, but, bless you, she had already gone to sleep.

"What about the next night?"

"The next night the clock woke me up by striking one. Then I heard the sound. After that whenever I happened to be awake at one o'clock I would hear the noise."

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"Father recently returned from a long sea trip, bed-ridden and emaciated from an attack of malaria, and the doctor said to me," writes "In such cases people usually dose themselves with medicines, and we were surprised when he ordered no medicine or drugs, proceeded to devote himself exclusively to Postum Food Coffee, of which he has long been fond. He used two or more cups at each meal, drinking it very hot, and found that combined with his feverengendered thirst at all hours of the day and night Postum was simply ready to fill the water-cooler. For several days his only drink and sometimes his only food was Postum Coffee, made according to directions of the moment's fancy.

"Within one or two his improvement was noticeable, and within a week he was well man again, able to resume his arduous occupation.

"He first began to drink Postum Food Coffee several years ago as a remedy for insomnia, for which he found it invaluable, and liken it so much and finds it so beneficial that he always uses it when he is at home where he can get it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. While this man uses Postum as a remedy, it is in no sense a medicine but only food in liquid form. But this is Nature's way and "There's a reason." See the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"Did it frighten you"?

"Not in the least. There wasn't anything to it. I don't believe in spirit manifestations, and if it was a mouse that always went home at a set hour, why need that trouble me?"

"Did it frighten your wife?"

"I can't say that it did. She would rather it hadn't been, but we never thought much about it."

"But what about your daughter?"

"We didn't tell Polly. She slept in the next room and knew nothing about it. There was no good in scaring her. But one night I was out of town and Polly went with her mother. Well, the sound came off as usual and Polly happened to be awake. She wanted to know what had dropped, and then my wife foolishly told her about hearing it every night, and after that not a wink did Polly sleep, and that stirred up my wife, and when I come home I saw it was a case of move out."

"Was the sound always in the neighborhood of the washstand?"

"Always."

"Why didn't you move the washstand away?"

"It was the only convenient place for it."

"Did you ever take your lamp more than once over to the washstand to investigate?"

"Why, many times. I've done it a dozen times! My wife and I both have prowled around that spot. One night just before one I slipped to the place and waited."

"And did the sound come?"

"Yes, it did, right there at my very feet."

"It sounded as if something had dropped"?

"Exactly."

"Yet you found nothing"?

"Not a thing on earth."

"Ha!" cried Keeneyes rubbing his hands. "Yet in spite of this discovery you are eager to pass a few nights in that room myself, and if I hear anything drop I'll undertake to find out what it is."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MURDER OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

Judge Havens was delighted to hear Keeneyes enter so enthusiastically into his case.

Jack Allen also took boyish pleasure in the detective's unconcern.

"I am very glad," said the judge, "that you are willing to undertake this case."

"Yes," said Keeneyes, "I always doted on haunted houses. The one trouble with 'em is, you know, I am certain that the ghosts never stay around long enough to me to get a glimpse of 'em. Now, likely enough, as soon as I go to Goldenburg that mysterious sound at midnight will vanish from history. A train leaves for there in about an hour."

"Oh," said Allen, "we are going to stop in St. Louis a day or so, pressing business at home keeps me away."

"How"?

"I say," Allen explained, "pressing business at home makes me want to stay somewhere else."

"The fact is," Judge Havens supplemented, "this house is being fixed up, and he wants to hide out till his wife gets the pictures hung where they belong, they will not look right for which she cannot blame an absent husband."

"Ah," said Keeneyes sympathetically, "I have had experience myself. Give me your hand, sir, I feel as one in distress. I feel as if Goldenburg's business could manage those matters. I'll be bound that the first thing you'll do will be to telegraph someone only a day or so after you get there."

Judge Havens was pleased with the sympathy of Keeneyes, and Allen declared that as soon as mail he could hear from "for I feel sure it cannot be refused or send until it is gone."

He gave Keeneyes the keys of the house in question.

"The same day Judge Havens and Jack Allen went on to St. Louis to find important business the Missouri, and to pay it in an altruistic spirit for not resting upon Keeneyes' mind.

In the meantime Keeneyes hastened toward that land of blue grass and obliterated river.

At Cincinnati he changed cars, crossed the Ohio, made a brief stop at Covington, took a local line at Lexington and arrived in due time at Goldenburg.

Disdaining the trouble to go around to look at the haunted house, Keeneyes at once sought the tenant who had vacated the premises prior to Jack Allen. He had secured the name of the man from Judge Havens.

"Mr. Walcott," said Keeneyes, dangling the house key carelessly, "I am a stranger to you—my name is Zellers. I've rented Judge Havens' house. Well, I met his late tenant yesterday and he told me of a curious sound that drove him to move. I don't know about the sound like that, but I found that you once rented that place from Judge Havens and stayed there four months. Do you know anything about any queer sort of noise?"

The man from Virginia looked quizzically at Keeneyes and said, "It is true you're a stranger to me, but you don't look like a man who believes in ghosts."

"I don't believe in ghosts," said Keeneyes, "but my wife would be nervous in a house full of strange sounds. Of course you don't want to keep the judge from securing a renter, but if his most intimate friend made no mention of his telling me about the noise, why should you?"

"What did he tell you about the noise?" inquired Walcott cautiously.

Keeneyes smiled. "Very well," he said, "or you do not care to tell and I shall not have to press the point."

"Thank you," said the Virginian; "have a cigar?"

"I do not smoke," said Keeneyes pleasantly; "I can always get my thoughts out without smoking them out."

Keeneyes was caught the man who had first rented Judge Havens' house.

"This is Mr. Blalock," Zellers in my name. Didn't you once rent Judge Havens' place?"

"Yes. Pleased to know you," said the man from Tennessee.

"I'm thinking about buying his place," said Keeneyes carelessly drawing the judge's keys from his pocket. "But I ran across Jack Allen yesterday in Missouri and he was telling of a curious sound at midnight that has caused him to move out after staying but a few months. I understood you stayed only eight. I thought perhaps you might tell me something about those noises."

"Ain't afraid of ghosts, are you?" queried the Tennessean with a grin.

"No, I'm not, but I don't care to buy one, and I don't want to take one with the house."

"I'll tell you," said Blalock. "Walcott rented that place, and he and his wife stayed there half as long as I did. He knows a heap more about it than I do. You ask Walcott."

"I've already asked him."

"He'll tell you."

"He asked me."

Blalock was puzzled. "How was that?"

"I asked him if he knew anything about a ghostly sound at that house and he asked me to have a cigar."

Blalock laughed. "Well, it's like this," he said. "If a pack of mine was trying to sell his house, and I found out about his having run off once, you don't reckon I'd butt in and tell it, do you?"

"But Judge Havens is not a particular friend of yours," said Keeneyes. "He's a client of Walcott, neither are you," Blalock grinned.

Keeneyes smiled to hide his disappointment and strolled down the street. Presently he came to a couple of chairs on the edge of the sidewalk.

One was vacant.

The other was occupied by an elderly gentleman in plain but neat clothes. He was chewing reflectively. He had a square and long with thick red cheeks, a smooth face and a short chin beard.

Keeneyes settled himself in the vacant chair.

"Good evening, stranger," said the man with the chin beard; "have a chew"?

"Thank you; not just at present. This is Colonel—"

"Colonel Marshall," replied he of the chin beard.

"Zellers," said Keeneyes, introducing himself. "You have a pretty town here, Colonel."

"Yes, suh, a fairly good place Goldenburg is."

"I've been a good while, Colonel Marshall"?

"All my life, suh. I'm one live in this State, suh."

"I thought I detected a Southern accent. The colonel said, "Ah!" with a full of satisfaction.

"But I was born in Kentucky," added Keeneyes quickly.

"Indeed!" said the other.

"I am thinking about settling here again, myself in a few years. I contemplate buying or renting a house in Goldenburg."

"Indeed!" cried Colonel Marshall with a courtly bow. "If there is anything I can do to facilitate matters in any way, pray call upon me, suh."

"Thank you," said Keeneyes promptly. "I shall take advantage of your offer on the spot. The fact is, Colonel, I have been considering Judge Havens' property as a good investment, and I don't buy it I should like to live there, at least for a time. But I am a nervous man, and I wouldn't care to bring my wife to a house that might get on her nerves. You are, of course, acquainted with Judge Havens' property"?

"I know where you mean," said Colonel Marshall drily.

"Is it an old house, Colonel?"

"It was built some time before the war, suh."

"Who built it, Colonel?"

"Young Washington Talbot, suh. He was at that time like you, suh, a young married man. Indeed, I was present for his beautiful bride. Poor Talbot!" The elderly gentleman sighed deeply and took a fresh chew.

"Then he did not live to enjoy his new home?"

He and his wife were not very happy. The war came on. He went to fight for his country—his Southern country, suh. His wife died while he was gone."

"And what became of him"?

"He was killed."

"In the war"?

"No. He fought through the war, then came back to his home. There were no children. He lived only a few months till he could shape matters so that his brother's family could come and keep house for him. I was very sad and despondent. One night I was killed there in the house."

"He was all alone in the house?"

"Yes, suh, all alone with his destroyer."

"Who killed him?"

"Nobody ever knew."

"But somebody was suspected?"

"No, suh, so far as I know, suspicion never rested upon the head of mortal man, suh. He was found lying on the staircase with a dagger through his heart."

"That was how long ago?"

"It was right after the war; forty years ago, suh."

"I wish I could have been there and here, too," muttered Keeneyes to himself. Presently he added aloud, "Colonel Marshall, you remarked meditatively, "I should think a house that haunted would have rather a gruesome effect on the neighborhood. Half-suspicion of the haunting would bring the reputation of being haunted."

The colonel chewed and said nothing.

"I really don't understand Keeneyes, that I would care to live in a house upon whose stairs a man had been found murdered."

"I fear I have been indiscreet," said Colonel Marshall politely.

"Not at all," said Keeneyes. "To be frank with you, Jack Allen has told me all about the haunting. His curiosity caused him to move out of the house."

"My dear, suh," said the colonel, "there could be no connection between what he told you and the murder, suh."

"Of course not," said Keeneyes pensively. Presently he resumed himself.

He sought another subject.

He saw an old negro with white wool and wrinkled face.

"Uncle," said Keeneyes extending a quarter, "will you show me to the old Talbot place?"

"Yes, suh, yes, suh, I tek you dah. Den dis evenin'."

"Are you engaged now, uncle, with any regular work"?

"Ain't got nuffin to do, suh. Like mighty well to git sumfin to do, suh."

"Then you're the man I'm looking for. I want you to stay there with me and look after the things, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Whah dat, suh?"

"Why house I'm renting—the old Talbot place."

"No, suh," exclaimed the other, stopping short, "I don't never stay in dat house. Maybe you kin git a young nigguh to stay dah, but dey ain't no experienced black man sleep in dat house."

"But, uncle, I want you. I'll pay you very liberally."

"I tek you to de house, boss, but I hab you to know dat I'm you couldn't hire to me to stay dah; fah don't de good book say dat what ernpoverishes to it if you gain de whole worl' an' lose yo' own soul?"

"Then you believe in this ghost story?"

"Massa Talbot was a mighty fawty yonda," said the other, "but de diffunce 'tween him an' a ole nigguh is dat when he die he kin come back ervah night to whah he used to live, but when dey put me in de hole in de groun' I stays dah, boss. Good"!

"Well, well, uncle," said Keeneyes, "I'll not insist on you staying there, but go ahead and lead me to the place. And does Washington Talbot's spirit come back every night, or just occasionally?"

"Evah night, suh, no 'ceptions or 'scuses."

"Always at one o'clock"?

"Yas, suh, des at de stroke."

"And has it come back always—I mean ever since Talbot was killed?"

"No, suh, it made de fust visitation about five yeah ago. But it ain't missed a night since."

"Uncle, if Talbot's ghost waited thirty-five years before it began to haunt his house, don't you think it was a pretty slow ghost"?

"It's too swif' fah me, suh."

"Where do you think it was all those' forty-five years"?

"Dat ain't my business, sah; I know whah it am now an' I keeps erway fum dat place, suh."

"Did you know Washington Talbot when he was alive, uncle"?

"Yas, sah, mighty fine young gemman, proud an' high-sperrited, I reckon' us he had ink a hoss dat know he'd fetch a thousand dahah any auction day at de fair."

"And Colonel Marshall was telling me that nobody had the remotest suspicion who killed Talbot."

"What dat—remotest," sah? Dat it wasn't knowed"?

"Yes, Colonel Marshall says nobody was ever accused of doing the deed."

"Colonel Marshall mighty fine man," said the negro. "Dis heah is de house, suh."

Keeneyes did not look at the house. Indeed he gazed steadily at the old man and said, "Come, uncle, I believe you have a suspicion about that murder that you're not telling."

"Who, me? No, sah, no, sah-ree-bob! Not me I ain't!"

"Well, well," said Keeneyes with a cheerful smile, "let us forget it. Next time it happened, I imagine you might have seen"?

"No, sah! no, sah!"

"Or might have had your own opinion—"

"I ain't got no opinions, boss, I nevah had. Dat what my ole mamma used to say to me, be she git me down on her lap an' gib book-jack at me an' yell, 'Dave, you black rascal,' he yell, 'why ain't you got no opinions?' he say. 'Lawd, I'se ashamed of ye ole mamma.' But he dadd now, an' we all got to die some time, suh."

"Then you never heard any whispers about the man who had a grudge against Washington Talbot—"

"Boss, what dat, grudge'"?

"You heard nothing of the man who hated Washington Talbot with a mortal hatred and who, perhaps threatened to kill him and who slipped to the house that night, dagger in hand"?

"No, suh, all dat a new book to ole Dave, suh."

"Then here is another quarter," said Keeneyes. "And you won't come in the house to show me around"?

"I dot got no key, boss dat. 'I fought of some'hin' dat I ain't fought of fah days; I done boun' to go t'ward to R. Hyndit's boss."

Keeneyes was left standing before the house of the haunted staircase.

That old man knows something about that murder," he reflected.

"Very good. I'll find out what he knows, if it takes a ghost to scare it out of him."

He smiled knowingly and entered the front yard.

CHAPTER V.

WAITING TO HEAR THE SOUND.

Only a path of beaten earth led from the front gate to the front yard. The yard had grown up in weeds so thick and high that one might have concealed himself among them in perfect security.

Keeneyes wondered that Jack Allen who had moved from the premises only a few days before had not cut the weeds, as he had lived there almost two months.

"He deserved to hear mysterious sounds at midnight," he muttered as he opened the front door.

The front room was large and chilly. It

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was empty, of course, as was every room in the house.

A few scattered leaves of paper and some trash told of the recent exodus.

"This was the parlor," murmured Keeneyes.

He noticed that a boxed-in flight of stairs led from this room above. The door that

"What have we here!"

usually concealed the stairs from visitors, stood open.

"Upon those stairs," muttered Keeneyes, "young Washington Talbot was murdered forty years ago."

He looked through an open door into the second downstairs room.

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LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX'S TREACHERY.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Lieutenant Boyer opened his eyes and stared bewilderedly about him. Was he really at home in his bedroom, or was he dreaming or delirious? His eyes wandered to the window and rested upon old Massanutten. No, it was no dream nor was his mind wandering. But what did it mean? He made a strong mental effort and his head began to grow clearer. He remembered that march from Fisher's Hill to Cedar Creek through the darkness of the night, with Massanutten Mountain towering upon one side and the black rush of the river upon the other; the fording of the river, with the water breast-high; then the darkness of the forest as they crept stealthily upon the Federal pickets; the first shot ringing out startlingly in the stillness of the dawn.

How he had fought, stimulated, inspired by the thought of the splendid victory that would be theirs. Then the sharp agony of a bullet ploughing into his breast and, after that, everything was confused.

Marshall gave an impatient sigh and tried to lift himself in the bed but fell back.

"Why, I am as weak as a baby," he murmured. "I must have ill."

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Boyer entered. She came quickly forward, her face lighting with joy.

"My dear boy. I believe that you know me at last!" she exclaimed.

"Of course, I know you, mother," he replied. Then he added, while his face darkened, "Who brought me to this house, mother?"

"Your father, Marshall."

Marshall lay silent for some moments, while his mother tenderly smoothed back the hair from his brow.

"Mother," he said at length, "some one locked after me on the battlefield after I was wounded. I was dying of pain and thirst, I was bleeding my life away; some one gave me water, carried me under the shade of a tree and bound up my wound. Who was it, mother? Do you know?"

"Yes, dear, I know," Mrs. Boyer replied a little hesitatingly.

"Whoever it was, I owe him my life. Who was it, mother? Ah, no doubt it was Royal."

"No, Marshall, it was not Royal; it was Lem Ash."

"Lem Ash!" he cried. "Impossible! that man hates me with the bitterness of death."

"Here is your father, dear," said Mrs. Boyer, as the doctor entered. "He will tell you all about it."

Doctor Boyer approached the bed and looked down upon his son with a mixture of affection and humor in his eyes.

"Well, Marshall, you find that you have been captured by the enemy," he said with a smile.

At the sight of his father, in the blue uniform of the North, Marshall's face had grown cold and stern. There was a momentary struggle within him, then his face cleared and, with a smile, he held out his hand to his father.

"Yes, father, I was captured; I did not surrender," he replied,

The doctor laughed.

"There is some one outside who is anxious to see you, my boy."

"One moment, father. I can't rest until I know the truth. Mother tells me that it was Lem Ash who saved my life on the battlefield. Can this be true?"

"It is, quite true, Marshall. I will tell you all about it another time. It's rather a long story, and Royal Fairfax is waiting to see you before starting for home. He has just left the hospital."

"Very well, father."

The doctor left the room and in a few minutes Royal entered.

He shook hands with Mrs. Boyer and then went up to the bed.

"How are you, Marshall?" he asked.

"I have just gotten a material hold upon the world again," answered Marshall. Then, as he caught sight of Royal's empty sleeve, his face changed and he added, in a low voice, "You have lost your arm?"

"Yes," replied Royal with a faint smile. "An empty sleeve and this scar across my forehead I shall carry through life as souvenirs of Cedar Creek."

"It's very fortunate that it wasn't your leg, Royal," Mrs. Boyer remarked, as she moved toward the door. "The loss of a leg is very detrimental to a man's appearance, but, really, the absence of an arm gives him quite an interesting look."

Royal laughed.

"Thank you, Mrs. Boyer, that is quite consoling," he replied. "I had never regarded it just in that light before."

As his mother closed the door behind her, Marshall looked eagerly at Royal.

"Now tell me all about Cedar Creek, Royal," he exclaimed. "Nothing was very clear to me after I was wounded. Do you know?" with a smile, "that I actually fancied I saw Sheridan come galloping down the turnpike and that the Federals were

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shouting and cheering. Of course, we scored a glorious victory."

It was a moment or so before Royal made any reply. Then he turned and pointed toward the mountain.

"See, Marshall, the white flag no longer floats from the top of old Massanutten."

"Royal, what do you mean?" asked Marshall, a look of apprehension flashing over his white face. "It cannot be that we were defeated?"

"We were defeated; bitterly, hopelessly, disastrously defeated!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Virginia, I am content with you to the hospital this morning," said May, a week later, entering Virginia's room in her riding habit.

"Very well, dear," Virginia replied. "But have you taken into consideration that there are many sorrowful and harrowing sights there?"

"I fancy that I have quite as much fortitude and endurance as the Southern women," said May.

"You'se jes' w'arin' yo'se'f out runnin' eberry day to dat hospital, honey," exclaimed Aunt Clarissa. "And de nuses dem peaky Yankees, too."

"But, mammy, you know it's not alone the Yankees," remonstrated Virginia, but Aunt Clarissa went on unheedingly.

"She ain't no sense nor reason in you w'arin' yo'se'f out nussin' dem dat Yankees. Dey looks mos' like a dead white rose, now dey'se pale as de lily leaf. But,' and she shook her head mournfully, "sorful mes dah comed to de Fairfaxes. That's de male what nebber gwine to see no mo' on de Shenandoah, but's Marse Royal wid one ob his arms done cut off, and—"

"Please, mammy, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried May. "We don't want to go over the entire category of woes. At any rate, it seems there will be no more fighting in the valley," she went on rather regretfully. "I think it is so cruel and unsparing. I would like to have been on the field when Sheridan arrived from Winchester. It must have been splendid."

"I ain't got no use fo' Gin'al Sher'dan," declared Aunt Clarissa. "He had better hab staid 'way from Cedar Creek."

"Why, mammy?"

"You see he didn't think so."

"Royal says that all the honor of the victory of Cedar Creek is due to General Wright," said Virginia. "That the battle was practically won when Sheridan arrived upon the field."

"I think it was quite nice of him to return your horse, Virginia."

"Done stoled de hoss in de fust place," said Aunt Clarissa.

"Well, you know 'all's fair in war,'" declared May. "Do you suppose Sheridan knew Virginia's horse?"

"When the two girls rode into Strasburg they found the town filled with Federal soldiers. They were a part of Sheridan's troops who had been transferred there to act as guard with their prisoners from Cedar Hill.

"Are there many Federals in the hospital this morning?" May asked as they rode through the town.

"Quite a number," Virginia replied. "There is one I am particularly interested in. He is a—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted May, with a mischievous twinkle. His name is Marshall Singleton."

"Marshall Singleton!" May rode closely and gazed at Virginia. What sort of a man is Marshall Singleton?"

She is young and handsome, but with a proud, haughty air that would lead you to think he is from the South. Tell me, is he?"

"How old a man is he?" asked May, who seemed curiously interested.

"About twenty-four. He received a fatal wound and cannot live much longer. Now, May, I hope you won't faint after we get inside."

"I never fainted in my life," exclaimed May, rather indignantly. "I should be likely to do anything so absurd."

But, once in the hospital, with the surgeons operating limbs and dressing ghastly wounds, May grew rather pale and had to struggle hard against a feeling of faintness.

"The North must not show itself lacking in the fact of the bravery and fortitude of these dainty Southern women," she thought to herself. And when these white, wan faces brighten at the sight of Virginia."

They had reached a cot upon which lay an elderly man with dark eyes, strong features and a long, grizzled beard flowing over his chest. His features had a pinched look and face was colorless.

"How are you feeling this morning, Sergeant Lofton?" Virginia asked as the two girls paused beside the cot.

He made no reply; indeed, he did not appear to hear her, but kept staring at May with an odd, eager look on his face.

"What is your name?" he asked, almost roughly.

"May Langley." May replied quietly. Virginia stood looking in surprise from one to the other.

"Ah, I was sure of it the moment my eyes rested upon your face," exclaimed Sergeant Lofton. "Child," his rough voice softening, "your mother was my sister."

"I thought you were some relation to me, May," said Virginia, "your mother was Lofton before she was married. I knew that. So you are my uncle?"

"Yes, I am your uncle. Will you kiss me, child? I loved your mother very dearly."

May bent and pressed her fresh lips to his white cheek.

"And you ain't ashamed of your old rough uncle?" asked Sergeant Lofton with a tremulous smile.

"Certainly not," replied May. "How can you believe me capable of such a thing?"

"I thought maybe your father had put you against your uncle's people," said Sergeant Lofton.

"May father was incapable of doing that," May exclaimed indignantly.

"Well, you see we were very humble people, and he belonged to one of the most aristocratic families in New England. We didn't see very much of your mother after she was married."

"I am going to leave you to talk with your uncle, May," said Virginia.

"This young lady has been very good to me," Sergeant Lofton said, his rugged face softening as he looked at Virginia. "She couldn't have been more so if I had fought for the South instead of for the North. If it was the Divine will that I was to get well, while I must take up arms again against the men of the South, I would never bend my knee in prayer without thanking God's blessing upon the Southern women."

Virginia had turned away while he was speaking. His eyes followed her for a moment and then he added, "When I was out of my head I sometimes took that lovely face of here, with its crown of golden hair, for the face of an angel."

"She is more than an angel," May replied. "She is human with an angel's purity and truth and goodness."

"You seem to know her well and to love her."

"She has been like a sister to me for more than four years."

"I heard when your father died that you had gone to some friends of his in the South. The gentleman's name was Fairfax. I was sure that you was my sister's child, for you're the very image of her. For an instant it seemed like your mother stood before me, as she was at your age. We were very much attached, and not too well off, but your mother was sent to a first-class school and there she met Mr. Langley, then your father while visiting a schoolmate in Boston. He fell in love with her and they were married. It's only natural that she should have drifted away from her own people. I was in the army, and when I became corpl together in this way, child. You'll come to see me often, won't you, dear? It won't be long that I shall be here."

"I shall come every day, uncle," replied May. "Let me understand you will get well again."

"I shall never get well," Sergeant Lofton said quietly. "It is only a question of a very short time, child, when I must say good-by to tell you, child. I shall not die a poor man. I've been successful in life and have hoarded together a little more than seventy-five thousand dollars. I have neither wife nor child and I want you to have the use of you, so this money will be yours when I am dead."

He grinned a little curiously at May, who showed no signs of elation, as he added, "I wish to see a lawyer about making my will."

Suddenly May's eyes lighted and she drew a quick breath.

"Uncle," she said, "I have really more money than I know what to do with. Won't you give your money to Virginia Fairfax?"

"Leave my money to Virginia Fairfax," exclaimed Sergeant Lofton with a look of astonishment. "What for, child? She ain't no blood to you kin."

"She has been more to me than kin, she has been sister and friend," replied May passionately. "Uncle, if you leave this money to me I shall give every cent of it to help the Southern cause."

Sergeant Lofton looked at her for a moment or so, then a look of pain flashed into his face.

"Well, I ain't particular anxious that my money should be used to help the cause which has cost me my wife," he said. "I don't make a will you will inherit my money as next of kin."

"Then, uncle, please make a will and leave it to Virginia Fairfax. When I first came to Fairfield the Fairfaxes were the richest family in Virginia, were rich; the war has ruined them. Colonel Fairfax, the dear old gentleman, Roger Fairfax, the bravest and noblest of men, lost his eyesight at the battle of Cedar Creek. Royal Fairfax, his son, lost an arm at Cedar Creek." They are not asking for a great dollar of my money, but if this money were left to Virginia they would have to take it. Uncle, do this for me, I pray you. You can't even guess how happy it would make me."

"Well, child, you've been a little time to think it over. I'll tell you my decision tomorrow. Now, listen to me, my dear. There is a little grassy knoll on the hill above the town, a beautiful spot. I want to be buried there. There many a Union soldier that's found a resting place under Southern skies with no one of kith or kin to shed a tear over his grave. I know that you will sometimes visit that grave of mine on the hill. That is all I ask, child. No wonder the Southern men love it, fight for it, die for it. You will bury me up there by my child?"

"Yes, uncle."

CHAPTER XXIX.

May went alone to the hospital the next morning. She felt strangely excited and impatient until she heard that Virginia was at liberty to leave.

Doctor Barrett came with her as she dismounting in front of the hotel.

"I was just going to call for you, May," he said. "Sergeant Lofton, who tells me he is your uncle, is dying."

"Dying!" she repeated.

"Yes, a change for the worse took place about half an hour ago. Come, he wishes to see you."

With a pale, stunned look upon her face, May followed the doctor into the hotel. A Federal surgeon and one of the nurses were in the room with Sergeant Lofton. He drew back as May approached. She went and knelt beside the cot. The eyes of the dying man turned upon her face. He murmured a name, her mother's name, then the light went out of his eyes.

Doctor Boyer touched May gently upon the shoulder, as she knelt, looking down upon the still, white face.

"Come away, my child; it is all over," he said.

May rode slowly back to Fairfax Manor, utterly miserable. She had been so happy over the prospect of that money coming to Virginia. Now, to know that her kind uncle would have done as she wished in the end, and the bitter disappointment was greater more than she could bear.

The mere thought of the money being May's from which she knew that, if she had a million dollars, the pride of the Fairfaxes would always prevent any pecuniable barrier to her aiding them in any way whatever.

At the gates of Fairfax Manor she met Virginia, who was just starting for the hospital.

"Why, May, you are back soon," the latter exclaimed, then, looking at her face, "Why, dear, she added quickly, "What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, something has happened," replied.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" exclaimed Virginia, "I had thought, dear, you would be glad to think that he would die quite so soon."

"It was sudden. Oh, I would have given five years of my life if he had only lived twenty-four hours longer."

"Why, May, you are unnatural! Virginia looked at her in some surprise.

"I wished to see him, that he had, dear," she said gently, "if that would have been any consolation to you. Still, you cannot blame me for being impossible for him to get well, and that he was very happy at the last to see me with you."

"Oh, yes, I know all that," May answered wearily. "But you don't understand."

"Would you rather that I remained with you, dear?" Virginia asked, for she was a little anxious as well as puzzled by the utter dejection May showed in her face and manner. She could not clearly understand how May could take her uncle's death so hard when she had only known him a few days, existence for the space of twenty-four hours.

"No, I think you would rather be alone," and she rode on.

On the following afternoon Sergeant Lofton was buried in the beautiful cemetery on the hill above the town. He was buried with full military honors of the men of his corps. About his coffin was wrapped the flag of the Union and upon it rested a cross of white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Virginia wept as the coffin was lowered into the grave, but May stood pale and still and shed not a tear.

That evening Doctor Boyer returned to Fairfax Manor with the two girls, and went direct to the library where Colonel Fairfax was sitting.

"Colonel," he said, when the first greetings were over, "I have good will you that her uncle left quite a good deal of money."

"Why, no indeed," replied Colonel Fairfax. "Was May aware of this?"

"She was aware of the fact that he was worth seventy-five thousand dollars the day before he died."

"And left the money come to May?"

"She would have inherited it as next of kin if Sergeant Lofton had made a will the day before he died leaving all he possessed to your daughter."

"That is extraordinary, Doctor; I do not understand," exclaimed Colonel Fairfax, bewildered. "My daughter had no claim upon this man."

"Virginia was very good to him and he had taken a great fancy to her, sir. Those poor fellows, Confederate and Federal, all love her. Col. Barrett: Yesterday afternoon Sergeant Lofton asked me if I would draw up a will for him. He told me that he was worth seventy-five thousand dollars and that he wished to leave it to Virginia Fairfax. I was naturally rather taken aback, and he said, 'You are no doubt surprised that I should leave my money to a comparative stranger when I have a niece, Doctor?' I admitted that was so. 'I have written to this niece in the entire approbation of my niece,' he went on. 'She has plenty of money of her own and has not want mine.' So I drew up the will according to his instructions. Now, Colonel, I would like Virginia And to tell her of her good fortune. I never did anything that afforded me so much pleasure as drawing up of that will."

"One moment, Doctor." Colonel Fairfax spoke very gravely. "The money in all justice belongs to May, and there must be found a way to give it to her. I know that Virginia will perfectly agree with me in this."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Colonel! There is such a thing as being ultra honorable. May Langley doesn't want her uncle's money, and I am almost inclined to believe that he was prompted by her to leave it to Virginia. I will send for her and for Virginia," and he walked to the bell and rang it.

Nothing more was said until Daphne had answered the bell and sent for Virginia and Virginia and May to the library. Then Doctor Boyer went up and laid his hand on Colonel Fairfax's shoulder.

"You and I have been friends, Colonel, for a good many years," he said, "and that friendship remains unbroken, though four years ago I doomed you to be blind for gray. I ask you now in the name of that friendship to listen to me patiently and to think seriously over what I am about to say. Don't influence your daughter in regard to this money. Be fair, Colonel. Be fair, is it just, is it kind to condemn a delicately nurtured girl to a life of poverty and hardship?"

"The motto of the Fairfaxes is 'Honor Paramount,'" said Colonel Fairfax.

"Bother the motto of the Fairfaxes!" cried Doctor Boyer.

Just then May and Virginia entered.

Doctor Boyer went up to the latter and took both her hands.

"My yellow-haired princess, permit me to congratulate you," he said, "Sergeant Lofton made a will the day before he died in which he left you seventy-five thousand dollars."

A startled look swept over Virginia's face; she drew away from Doctor Barrett coldly. The latter looked from her to May. She seemed in a moment transformed, her face was radiant.

"This seems to please you, May, more than any one else," she said, almost with a touch of grim humor.

"Please me!" cried May. "I was never so happy over anything in all my life before."

"Your uncle told me that his disposal of his money was entirely your own approval," added Doctor Boyer.

"Of course he did. But I thought he had died without making a will and that was why I was so utterly wretched. It was the most unselfish proposal I ever made."

Virginia flushed and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You are a noble, generous girl, May," said Colonel Fairfax, his voice broken by emotion. "Virginia, come to me, my child." She crossed the room and knelt down by Colonel Fairfax's side. "Virginia, dear, day I found a home beneath your roof you have done all in your power to make me happy. Are you happy, my darling? Tell me, does me very, very miserable?"

"Father, my child," Colonel Fairfax answered, laying his hand caressingly upon her dark head.

"I shall be perfectly miserable if you refuse to accept this money. Tell me that you will take it, dear, for the sake of your girl in all the world."

A long pause, in which there was a touch of sadness, passed over Colonel Fairfax's face.

"This is undue influence," he said. "God bless you, dear! it shall be as you wish."

Eighteen months later there was a double wedding at the old Fairfax Manor, the marriage of Royal Fairfax and May, and Marshall Singleton and Virginia Fairfax, long having loved May in secret, found at last courage to tell her of his love. The gorgeous Northern girl was sweet and warm as sunshine itself when the key of love had unlocked it, and Marshall Singleton, Virginia, their love had been a sacred but unspoken one, although children, but now that they were man and woman grown, and the dark conflict between the North and South was closing, bringing new duties and a new world of life and action, their love instinctively drew each to the other, and they might make the journey of life together. So at one ceased, sunny days and prosperity and welcome children came to Fairfax Manor and Dr. Boyer's home, and the soul of the years was peace.

(The end.)

Not in His Usual Form.

"Yes," said the woman of the house, "my husband has some old garments which he has told me to give away, but they are much too small for you."

"They'll fit me all right after today, ma'am," replied Wareham Long, with much earnestness. "I've had two square meals since mornin', an' that ain't likely to happen agin for a year."

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Wise men always look before they leap for joy.

Go slow—and the other fellow may beat you to it.

Far better a word that lists than the last word.

A man's greatest success in life is usually unexpected.

Truth is often homely, but that is no fault of the truth.

A job on your hands is better than two in your mind.

Many a man's first mistake was in the selection of his parents.

If a man has a testy temper it is folly to put it to the test.

The big stick is all right—if it doesn't get into wrong hands.

Don't abuse your enemies. Make them ashamed of themselves.

When a mistake turns out to be profitable it is no longer called a mistake.

Every boy knows several men he expects to whip when he grows up.

Lots of men are suspicious of others because they know themselves.

After choosing his own boss many a man is dissatisfied—to it's him for the divorce court.

Oh, no, Alphonse, a man isn't necessarily one-sided because he has never crossed the ocean.

An upstart goes about with his nose in the air until the undertaker finally pulls it down.

It sometimes happens that man reaches such a height on the ladder of fame that he gets lonesome.

Instead of speaking his mind a married man often speaks a mind made up at pieces given him by his wife.

When a girl objects to being kissed it's a sure sign that the wrong fellow is trying to break into the game.

Some people are so busy praying for more light that they come to return thanks for what they have received.

It is impossible to acquire money without making sacrifices; most men and women who marry for it sacrifice their happiness.

Even if we got into communication with Mars it would be impossible to borrow sugar and keep across the back fence.

Boss Ruef's case shows that while the lamp holds out to burn there is reason to hope that the vilest sinner may get his turn before the bar of justice.

Fame is an illusive thing, but there are several gentlemen who have acquired near-fame by having had the foresight to go to school with some member of the Thaw jury.

HER SCATHING TRIAL.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"The black is more economical," the woman said beatifatingly.

"Nothing is economical, my dear madam, which is not becoming. You must not put black next your face, see?" and taking the beautiful cloak from her own shoulders she threw it about the drooping ones of her customer, and turned her towards the glass. The effect was wonderful. Like a sponge, the delicate color wiped the lines from the weary face and the sallow tinge of the complexion.

"I'm right, eh?" she asked gently, giving an almost tender pullback to the shoulders.

The other woman had forgotten that such a white cloak, but was actually more pleased with her mother's purchase than her own, and the two left singing the praises of the cloak model.

From then she went to those looking at the gray cloak, and taking it up, placed it about her own shoulders, and walked back and forth, displaying its beauties. In the meantime she was studying the face and hair of her customer. That was one way she succeeded. Having almost perfect taste, she could easily see what suited them as well as figure, and she decided that this gray cloak was exactly what the slightly faded woman was going to buy and ordered:

"I will take it, so there is no use for you to show me any more cloaks," she said.

Katherine turned, astonishment plainly written on her face. No one ever spoke unkindly to her here.

"I beg your pardon," said said quietly.

"I will take this cloak," the woman said. The point lace on Katherine's gown was much finer than any there, and she knew very well that the cloak she was buying would never hang as it had on this lovely girl.

"There is no need to get so angry about anything," she snapped. "I've bought the cloak."

Katherine did not open her lips, although she was very pale, but began making out her sales checks, and was a little comforted when the other, to whom she had sold the green cloak, tried to make her sister apologize.

"Why should I?" sneered the other. "It is an outrage that we have to be brought into contact with such women as she."

"Oh, hush!"

"Well, any one can see her character by her clothes. She has fiber clothing and more Jewels than I have. It is paying for them! Surely not she out of her wages," and the iron began to press the tender skin of the pure, high-spirited girl.

Just then she did not entirely understand what it was meant, but a cloud came over her high spirits, and she felt like sinking into the floor, when one of the young clerks asked piteously:

"I wish you didn't do it, though I suppose you couldn't earn your money if you didn't. There ain't any chance of your stopping it?"

"Stopping what?" Katherine asked quickly.

"Getting your clothes and diamonds like you do."

"Why, what do you mean, Rosy?" she asked a little faintly.

"Why, you know, we all know. Such clothes as yours don't grow on every tree."

"Then you mean you think I am a wicked woman?" Katherine gasped.

"Course, or how could you put up such a show?"

"You all believe it?"

"I guess we do, but I hate to have to."

Katherine pushed her checks, then said gently:

"Rosy, please believe me when I tell you that every gown I have worn, each jewel I possess, was bought honestly and given me by my father."

Katherine's eyes were filled with tears, but the shallow soul of the world-worn clerk sparkled as she laughed back:

"Oh, but you are a good one!"

"Then you don't believe me?"

"Not any such dope," came with a sneer, and Katherine left the floor without permission, and for the second time entered Mr. Mason's door that day. She forgot to knock, and found him alone.

"Congratulations on the gray cloak," he said, looking up. Perhaps he had better give her commissions on such sales.

"I have not come for that, Mr. Mason."

"No, what then?"

"This. I have been told several times today that because I have some fashionable gowns and a few jewels I am regarded as an infamous creature."

The manager looked at her keenly. That had been his idea until this very day, and he still had his doubts, but the exquisite soul in the girl's eyes, unmasked, decided him, and he held out his hand, saying heartily:

"I knew you're all right, my girl," and his fingers pressed hers gently about her hand.

"Thanks," she said in a low tone.

"But can't you tell me how you have them?"

"Will you keep my secret from every one?"

"From every one," he replied, and then Katherine revealed who she was, and that her garments and jewels were her sole possessions, and that it seemed as though by herself she could do nothing in the way of earning a living.

The manager looked at her intently. Never before did he long for his freedom so ardently so as to offer this charming girl a refuge from the cruel world, always ready to bite, but it was impossible, and he asked quietly:

"You will not feel like wearing your gowns again, will you?"

"I cannot, and because I will be stripped of them, all I knew about the business isn't worth anything," and to this Mason had to bow his head. He put aside all his own disappointment and tried to think how he could help her, and at last he asked:

"Know anything about singing?"

"Thousands have been put on my voice, but it appears of no use. I cannot teach."

"Did you ever act?" and then suddenly he remembered a delicate bit of a color scheme carried out for a charity with beautiful faces, and this one face which had always appeared familiar, as the center.

"I see, Miss Graham, that you cannot stay here, or go into another cloak room. You are too far above this work, but I have a friend who is running a theatrical stock company. His leading lady has eloped, and he is on his uppars for some one who can act society parts. I'll dictate a letter about you and see him tonight. You take this letter tomorrow morning, and wear that brown dress you wore when you came to see me. I suppose you have plenty of evening dresses?"

"Oh, yes, but what of that? It will be the same old story of earning my living with my clothes," she said wearily.

Then Mr. Mason rose to his part, and probably was more eloquent than ever before.

"What of that? Don't we all have to do that? An actress has to wear fine clothes. These stock actresses can't afford them, but lots of people know, and it is going to envelop you in a mystery, and for the sake of having some really good clothes on his stage he will prop you up in your part. As for it, I rather guess that you can deliver the goods, so you will have to do it for me yourself—a real lady. Suppose I give you my leading man? It's a little dangerous playing about with your own, but you don't want people to know who you are."

Katherine gave him so grateful a look that he was upset, but recovering, pulled his paper toward him and wrote a few lines.

"I have called you 'Violet Villiars.' My mother's name was Violet."

Her eyes blinded with tears, Katherine took the letter, and stooping pressed a kiss upon the hand held out to her so sympathetically, and then left his office and the store forever.

The only explanation Mr. Mason ever gave was:

"She was above her job, and when she found something better she probably flew."

Katherine, in the meantime, had a very tender feeling for the girl who had taught him how quickly a temper can be lost, no matter what her surroundings.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

Wisdom Stanford leaned his head upon his hand and with the hand repeated the question he had asked:

"Now, I want your full accounting with the Graham estate."

"So you have been appointed receiver?" returned his friend Jack Loftus.

"Yes."

"But I say, Stanford, I understand you are settling one hundred cents on the dollar."

"I am."

"How?"

"Our money contains one hundred cents on each dollar, doesn't it?"

"You are fencing."

Stanford laughed a little roughly as he asked:

"What is it you want to know?"

"How you can settle as you are doing out of an utterly ruined estate. We would be glad to get twenty per cent."

"You will not realize the full amount owing?"

"No, but Stanford, I have an idea."

Stanford looked a little annoyed as he suggested:

"Better keep it to yourself."

"How much are you paying out of your own pocket, old man?"

Stanford flushed a deep red, twisted, then said brusquely:

"It is no man's business where, when or how, just so it's honest."

Jack Loftus smiled, then slapped his friend on the shoulder:

"Stan, you're a trump, but there is something back of it all."

"Something back?"

Jack laughed this time, and twisting Stanford's face so he could look into the honest, true eyes, he said delightedly:

"You're in love."

He expected expostulations, denials, perhaps a modest head bow or two, but not the steady lines about the mouth, the brooding fire in the eyes or the deepening tones in the voice, so Stanford said earnestly:

"I am."

"With—"

"Never mind with whom. I have lost her, probably forever, but I imagine," unconsciously the tender look came into his sweetheart, "that her vindication of her father's guilt stands between us. When I can say to her, 'Your father's name is as clear as mine, I believe she will be grateful at least, and—and—perhaps her heart will be eased."

"You will break yourself, you great-hearted old fellow," Jack cried with admiration.

"No, I have plenty, and enough to spare for her, and even if she will have me, and more than I can ever spend if she don't."

"Then you love her," Jack asked, his voice lowered as though speaking of the dead.

"What's the strain; I don't know." Stanford cried. "Once I thought I had a trace of it, but it melted into air."

"Where was she—"

"Acting as housemaid."

"Oh, it's all right," Jack said smiling. "A young lady of her refinement would never have gone into anything like that."

"What would she do? Poor, tenderly-reared little flower! I think it was brave and noble of her to try."

"How did you lose her?"

"I went there to dinner, and she, seeing me, ran away."

"Where?"

"Why, by God knows, where? I cannot eat or sleep, only this keeps my senses from taking leave of me," and he turned to his work with a desperate "control of himself, when [illegible] Jack [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

KNOWN IN EVERY HOME.

Valuable Advice and Recipe by a Noted Authority

The following simple prescription, writes a noted authority, should be made known to every family. While it is a simple home-made mixture, it forms a powerful tonic and vitalising agent to the Kidneys, forcing them to filter and eliminate from the blood all acids and waste, restoring the full count, or 55 per cent, of Red Corpuscles.

Here it is, and now is the time to take it: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces. The dose is one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. These harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from any good pharmacy, and any one can mix them at home by shaking well in a bottle.

Noted medical authorities now recognize this as a blood cleanser and system tonic *par excellence*, because of its gentle though almost certain action in the treatment of Rheumatism, skin and facial eruptions and other troubles. Blood afflictions for which the Kidneys are responsible. At this time of year the blood becomes sour and filled with poisons and acids, which the skin pores failed to eliminate, during the cold weather, causing this additional work to the Kidneys, which, overtaxed, become inactive and sluggish. Hence the need of such an Invigorant or Regulator.

Mix this and try it, and note the remarkable improvement in your health.

---

laughed, giving his friend as long as possible to recover before exposing him to his wife's sharp eyes.

"Why, you know I told you the other day that the ladies of the club were always talking about a cloak model over at the Novelty Cloak and Dry Goods Company."

"Jack!" cried his head.

"You do, too; kiss me, Jock," which Jack did, although the lady friend would not notice and have his heartstrings wrung anew.

"That beautiful model there, who handles only their finest goods. They are having some fine times, and little girls wears finer clothes and wears magnificent Jewels. They say that she has on her each day more in value than all their closks."

"I think you did say something of that kind," Jack replied, "but what of it?"

The lovely little wife drew nearer to her husband, and in a quiver in her voice continued:

"I have never recovered from the loss of Katherine, and from what I hear I believe it is she!"

"Do you mean what you say?" came in a hoarse voice, and turning Mrs. Loftus looked affrightedly into Winslow Stanford's blazing eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW MOMENTS TOO LATE.

"Yes, I am the manager."

"Where is Miss Lorraine?"

"I ... cannot, but we have no many that it is difficult to recognize any by such a request, and then we have not any one in the company."

Then Mrs. Loftus, Stanford said

"I am looking for a very dear friend of mine, Miss Katherine Crothers. Description of her make us believe that she has been in your employ for some time."

Mason thought rapidly, and there appeared to be a hesitation in his manner when he replied;

"We have one young lady with a similar name, but she has been a little under the weather. Very probable she will be back in a day or two. Indeed, we are sorry to have her away, but it is nothing serious."

"You will give my address; we want to find her and let her know of our devotion."

Mason felt a little suspicious. How could he tell what kind of people these elegant people might mean to do, and he said in his most suave manner:

"Sorry I cannot, but she has left none," and then moved away.

"He is telling the truth, horrid old thing," Mrs. Loftus said angrily.

Stanford was discouraged, and excusing himself, he left his friends and sauntered about the big building until the close of business time, when he watched every female face, but with no success.

Night after night he watched, and at last Mason saw him and touched him on the arm.

"You are looking for one of our girls?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come back in the store with me."

When the office door closed on the two, Mason said quietly:

"Now I'm going to be square with you."

"How am I to know that?" Stanford asked sternly.

"Well, we both belong to the Athletic though you come little enough, and then I see you are all right with regard to this poor girl. She never gave me her address. I took her as an advertisement, and a good one she proved. Then she was insulted by some of the fine ladies my new advertisement attracted here, and she left me."

"Had she done so when we were here?"

"That very day."

"Where is she now?"

Mason wanted to help this young man, but he did not intend to betray Katherine, so he said quietly, looking Stanford straight in the eye:

"I don't know," and true it was that he was ignorant of her residence address.

"Then I ought to ask you one thing more. Is she happy?"

The salesman man jumped to his feet and returned angrily:

"She happy! How could she be? No, she sat there, poor child, and cried her eyes out. I tell you it's a damn poor system that makes the daughters of the rich so miserable. They ought to be given one useful trade, and then perhaps they might have to earn bread and butter. As it is, they have to drift into our stores, which are hells-holes."

"And you and your kind help to make them such," cried Stanford.

"No, the dreadful competition. We must offer certain prices and keep up with our competitors, or we can't cut our prices without our wages, too, and so it is."

He paused, but as Stanford had no interest in the matter, except as it affected Katherine,

For an instant the young man stood, then said simply:

"I thank you, but I wish I could get her address. You are sure she did not give it to any of the girls?"

"Why, she never mixed with them," Mason replied angrily.

"No? I mean not; good-bye," and not noticing the outstretched hand, Stanford left the store, and Mason saw him from the place out into a blinding storm. The worry, anxiety and excitement of the day, and when Jack Loftus, having not heard from him, called at his rooms for him, he found him under the care of two trained nurses and the best doctor in the city, fighting pneumonia, with but little chance of recovery.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRONG INDUCEMENT.

Mr. Mason had been obliged to speak very strongly and even severely to the theatrical manager of certain unpaid notes, before he had obtained a hearing for Katherine.

"But, Mason," That Turner said almost imploringly, "you see in order all of our plays need a leading lady who can pull the play with her own part. She has to be on the stage almost all the time, even when dangling her sun-hat in the first act; then the company must rehearse with a weak or strong, as is required, and in the last act she wanders back home and is half a dozen times called before the old people at last the audience and shout approval, when in real life nobody thinks of applauding or paying the heroine for her money. It takes time, long experience, and so the old girls get their salaries, and the new stock part than any one else."

"You have been grinding out the old grist of home scenes. Why don't you try the society set?"

"You mean?"

"This girl has enough clothes and jewels to run a department store, and has left me in the goods."

"Oh, she won't do. I've got to have pretty straight girls. There is so much on the stage that no high-flying can be tolerated."

"You're wrong enough. This is the real thing, a society lady. Never mind how she got there, keeping these costly gowns and jewels she her stock in trade. I told her I'd put her next to you, but you mustn't think that she is a professional model, for there isn't."

That Turner looked at his friend a moment, then asked:

"Is this your model?"

Mason returned the gaze and replied coldly:

"She was."

"I'll take her then, for I saw her several times. She is the real thing, but why did you let her go?"

"Thought it best," Mason said sharply, then continued hastily:

"You mustn't say a word to any one about her having been my model."

"Oh, no, it would spoil her value."

"Her name is Violet Villiars."

"Assumed or real?"

"It's all you'll ever know, but if you treat her right and give her a fair show I'll top up that note for twenty-five hundred," and with that astonishing offer, Mason walked out of Turner's office, leaving the latter to clap his leg and say:

"He does think something of her, after all."

CHAPTER IX.

TEARS EASIER THAN LAUGHTER.

"Please listen a moment, Auntie Bribby," there was a little of command in the clear young voice.

"You a play actor!"

"Suppose I am? Can you imagine anything much worse than my experience as a housemaid, the things I saw and heard in the slums, or the insults piled up at the store? Are all girls bad? No, I know they are not, just misunderstood. See what they thought and said of me? See what you think and say of those on the stage. Probably your ideas are just as incorrect as theirs; at any rate, I must take the effort. There is more chance for rising in such a life, if I have any ability. I have a good voice, know how to use it; my singing used to attract a good deal of attention among our set, and dancing, oh, how I can dance!" and catching up the edges of her gown she went twirling about the room, in and out. It was beautiful, even Mrs. Brisby, still sniffling had to admit, and before the girl stopped, Mrs. Fallows came into the room, the little sitting room Mrs. Brisby and Katherine occupied, each having a bedroom off of it, in Mrs. Fallows' boarding house, and for which they paid the regular price, for Katherine had made up all back money while she was star model.

Mrs. Fallows stood with her hands on her hips, smiling.

"My, that's good!" she said, and Katherine flashed her a bright look.

"I am a professional model," she announced, and outlined the story so quickly that Mrs. Fallows was in the news that she was to become the leading lady of a stock company.

"At last the world is waking up," Mrs. Fallows declared, grinning until she showed every tooth, including the nine capped ones.

"You approve?" cried Mrs. Brisby.

"Why of course I do."

"But the child will be stared at."

"Wouldn't she be stared at if she were a society woman? People are learned to care little enough about the folks about them; they have to find out yourself pretty, and you'll make a success."

Katherine laughed with a brightness she had never shown since her sorrow had fallen upon her, and cried:

"That's what I want. It's all I can do. For instance, suppose I come in the room, and there are two rows of foot-lights, take in the number of people in the house, then turn, and with a wooden sweep my hand across it, and in a lovely voice:

"'I'm here.'"

Then words were holding their sides.

"No, I'd come in just as I do, run up and kiss, if kissing is the part; make a face, if that is my part, and do it all just as I would do in real life. I cannot give them anything else, for poor stage man expects acquired airs and graces, well, he'll be sadly disappointed." And she laughed such a merry peal of laughter that Mrs. Fallows, leaning forward, asked:

"Do you suppose you can laugh on the stage?"

Katherine thought for a moment, then said quickly:

"I know how I can. There are several times I've come to a date and thought of them she began to laugh 'without laughing. Once I went to one of them at a funeral, it was when I was quite small, and I began to laugh, and you had to take me out for behaving and laughing and had a smack-red," and Katherine bent almost double at the remembrance.

"What was it?" Mrs. Brisby asked, but Katherine dared not tell her, for it was the time she had given a dump dance in her mustard plasters, which growing too warm, melted in her shoes. The good woman would had jumped about, screaming, and the housemaids had struggled, while Katherine, the hit for that day's amusement would offend, for in spite of the system under which she had been raised she had always been very considerate.

"Can you get a part, Fallows asked, and then was sorry for the moment, but then felt relieved when Katherine returned brightly:

"Tears are easier than laughter, it seems; many more calls for 'tears,' and blended her two friends, she went off into her bedroom to look after the reading parts in which she had, wondering if it were possible that such a change was coming to her.

This romantic story will be continued in our next issue, and we feel sure that it will be the pleasure and instruction of reading it to the end. If you are not already taking this popular weekly, send in your subscription has expired, we strongly advise you to subscribe at once, for the balance of this fine story, as well as numerous great and thrilling serials that are awaiting publication in this best of all story papers. If the reader would like our splendid Premium Catalogue free, or if you would like six standard patterns without cost, please note the announcement of these premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Then Came the Jars.

"Harold," said the pretty girl after a long pause, "have you any idea as to the cause of the recent earthquakes?"

"Well, maybe I have, dear," "if I thought a woman could understand the——"

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that a woman's brain is inferior to the brain of more man?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I was only wondering if you were familiar with the influence of Jupiter and——"

"Jupiter? How absurd! Why, Jupiter is a planet. We were talking about earthquakes."

"Just so, pet, but the conjunction of the moon and Jupiter was the conceded cause of the earthquakes."

"Jupiter and the moon? How ridiculous! Why, the moon is millions of miles away from Jupiter. How could they come in collision?"

"I didn't say collision, my dear. I said——"

"Yes, you did, sir, and no gentleman would interrupt or correct a lady. I think you are the rudest man I ever met. I shall never speak to you again!"

Outside the Limits.

Wiggins—Is it true that you now have your office outside the city limits?

Wiggins—I guess so. It's located in the top story of a skyscraper.

A FINE

Deafness Treatment

FREE

Do you realize the terrible fate which is staring you in the face? Do you know what total Deafness means? It means a living death. Shut out from all human intercourse—the worlds of business and pleasure, life becomes a fearful blank.

Will you suffer this untold misery and loneliness when you may have your full hearing restored quickly

and acute? I have rescued thousands from Deafness. I can rescue YOU. Write me before it is too late.

Because I have been so successful in curing Deafness, and because my heart aches for its victims, I am going to GIVE AWAY a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it. Surely this is a present worth having. Out of my sincere desire to relieve suffering and out of the consciousness of my power to cure Deafness, I gladly make me this gift. My treatment has cured thousands of people of all ages, both those having head-noises and restored their full perfect hearing. Write for free treatment now, and give me the opportunity to show how YOU MAY BE CURED RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

All I ask is that you will act NOW. Don't hesitate or it may be too late to help you. My success has been so great that requests for treatment are many; so that I can only make this offer a very short time. Remember the treatment for Deafness is given to you without cost. Write me to-day. It is absolutely free. Send off Now, in this mail, a post card or letter, giving me your name and address upon it, and I will send you free treatment by return mail.

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE,
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

MOTHERS RED-WETTING CURED. Write FREE Trial Package. Dr. Pierce, Marshall, Mich.

FREE BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS ALL FREE. Send 2c stamp for particulars. Mention this paper. Address, Dept. 3, Box 1, Chicago.

$100 00 CASH Given Away. Send an order and receive $100.00. Send three before May 1st for $100.00 CASH. Address, H. E. STOCKTON, Box 1, Chicago.

WE PAY 10c for 500 labels; 20c for 1500 (large, gummed, printed). Send for free sample. Dept. 3, Box 1, Chicago. J. A. DeLisle, 108 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

20 ELEGANT ASSORTED SOUVENIR POST CARDS and our 20th Century Catalogue for 10c. R. U. TRUE & CO., 59 Queen Street, BROOKLYN

SONG "HIT" will make you rich. Send us your poem. Cash or Royalty. Publication guaranteed. Write for free booklet. Dept. 3, Box 1, Chicago.

CARDS Send 2c stamp for New SAMPLE BOOK of Fine Post Cards at Half Price or Less. Mention this paper. Address, Dept. 3, Box 1, Chicago. TYLER CARD CO., 11 E. Columbus, Ohio.

PAINTING AND WHITEWASHING MACHINE. Does the work of 20 men with brushes, and does it better. Paints, whitewashes, spins, dries in 1 hour. J. A. DeLisle, 108 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

PILES CONSTIPATION THE "BRIDGEMOUTH" PILE CURE speedily, safely and permanently cures Piles, Constipation and all Rectal Troubles. Write for free trial and send one cent stamps for postage. Dr. F. E. PRICE, No. 4 E. Bridge Street, BRIDGEPORT, Ohio.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with Poultry Journal 3 months, for 10 cents. Poultry, 40 fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Poultry Journal, Dept. 3, Box 1, Chicago.

THIS 'TEDDY' BEAR STICK PIN FREE

Is a handsome Gold Plated Stick Pin in the form of a Teddy Bear. Every boy and girl wants one. Send 2c to-day and we will send you this pin free. Address, Dept. 3, Box 1, Chicago. Mention this paper. Write to-day before supply is exhausted. TYLER CARD CO., 11 E. Columbus, Ohio.

OPPORTUNITIES IN A NEW COUNTRY. An invaluable leaflet for the homeseeker and the investor has just been issued by the C. M. & ST. P. RY. Co. Write A. J. WARNER, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. It describes the country along the new extension from Mitchell, South Dakota, to Rapid City, Black Hills, Wyoming, and Montana. Send for it. Also pamphlet descriptive of Agricultural Districts in S. Dakota. Address A. J. WARNER, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Cancer Cured. No Knife, No Pain.

People I have cured of cancer prove the astonishing success of my treatment. Fritz Kruger, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "In every case of cancer I have seen, your treatment has cured." Mrs. Mary Schroeder of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Your treatment for cancer has healed and he is well. I have made wonderful cures without the use of the knife, and without pain. My treatment is mild, safe, clean and wholesome. Hundreds have called from the surrounding country to see the wonderful cures I have made. Write me to-day. I will send you my book on cancer, free. Also testimonials of cures. I have a friend who has cancer, write me for him. Address DR. BURT WELLS, 2633 Rudolf Block, St. Louis, Missouri.

OUR PRICE $7.50 ELGIN, WALTHAM

GENT'S LADIES

No. 97. 7-JEWELED WALTHAM HAMPDEN 20-YEAR GOLD FILLED CASE, guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection, handsomely engraved, lever setting the heavily engraved, heavy ladies' or gent's size, open face or hunting case. Sent C. O. D. for $7.50. Send for free catalogue. We handle Elgin, Waltham, Hampden, Howard, Illinois, Rockford, Hamilton, Bunn Special, Ball, Keystone and Crescent watches. Write for free catalogue. Address DR. BURT WELLS, 2633 Rudolf Block, St. Louis, Missouri.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

BUY YOUR SPRING SUIT ON CREDIT

Factory to You

BY MAIL ON EASY PAYMENTS.

Nothing required. No paid-up. Every transaction strictly confidential. Buy stylish high grade Suits, Topcoats, Raincoats and Trousers for men, boys or children. Raincoats for young men, age 12 to 20 years. Clothing for the whole family. Open a charge account with us. Get the latest, up-to-date clothing at lowest cash store prices, and pay in small convenient payments that you will never miss.

$1.00 A WEEK Payments

We trust any worthy person anywhere in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed or every sale. We are twice over the largest Credit Outfitters in the world. We operate 19 stores in the principal cities and have over 800,000 customers. Write for our free catalogue, containing all spring materials and price list. In writing, state whether samples of Suits, Topcoats, Raincoats or Trousers are desired and whether for man or youth. This is important. Commercial rating $1,000,000. WESTERN MERCHANDISING CO. 64 Post St. Rochester, N. Y.

Little Bobby on Bees.

Little Bobby wrote an essay on bees as follows:

"The bee is a queer sort of an insect, that gives people a few points that they don't appreciate. The queen bee bosses the hive, just like ma bosses our house. The drone bee is like pa; he don't care much about work. There are other kinds of bees, including political bees, quilting bees and husking bees. But the best bees of all are the kissing bees. There is a kissing bee in our parlor every Sunday night and I get a nickel not to tell about it. When it comes to a choice of bees, give me a kissing bee every time."

De Flatte—Of course, you don't like Easter. You're jealous of it.
Romeo De Hasbeen (the actor)—Jealous?
De Flatte—Yes. It's coming created a greater demand for eggs than yours does.

A Man of Enterprise.

"Ah, darling," sighed the rejected swain, "this is too much! I cannot live without you."

"Well," said her brother, who had entered at the moment, "I hope you'll not forget that I am an undertaker."

Wanted to Know.

Landlady—In honor of the day I am giving you Easter eggs for breakfast.
The Guileless One—Very nice, indeed. Er—which Easter do they date from?

Woman of Experience.

Mrs. Smith—I hear Mrs. Woods is going to marry a farmer and live in the country.
Mrs. Jones—Well, she ought to make good as a farmer's wife.
Mrs. Smith—I don't see why. She has always lived in town.
Mrs. Jones—True; but as this is her sixth matrimonial venture she evidently knows all about husbandry.

GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Good Humor Returns With Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and nervousness amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package, out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness. Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eyesight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Patriotic Colors.

"How is the baby, Mrs. A.?"

"Oh, I am dreadfully worried about him. You see, that careless nurse left him too near the steam radiator and he actually turned red."

"Gracious!"

"Then we rushed him out in the cool air and he turned white."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, and when we gave him his bath he turned blue."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry over him. He is just a genuine American baby. Hurrah for the 'Red, White and Blue.'"

Why He Came.

In one of the most aristocratic suburbs of Philadelphia there is a woman who is becoming famous for the lavishness of her afternoon entertainments to her friends, but the tremendous amount of ceremony attaching to each function renders it so flow that few would accept the invitations if they could refuse without giving offense to the wealthy and influential hostess. At a recent gathering of this nature a young business man came in late, and, making his way to his hostess, greeted her and apologized for his lateness.

"I'm delighted to see you," was the cordial reply; "it's so good of you to come. But where is your brother?"

"Oh, he asked me to tell you how sorry he was that he could not come. You see, we are so busy now, it's impossible for us to get away together, so we tossed up to see which of us should come."

"How nice! What a capital idea! And you won?"

"No," said the young man absently, "I lost."

Rather Soapy.

Stubb—That barber told me a remarkable yarn while he was shaving me. He said one day he shaved the "petrified man" from the museum and sparks of fire leaped from the razor.

Hard to Breathe.

Jonah was trying to explore the interior of the whale. "My, but this is a stuffy place," mused Jonah. "I wonder what it reminds me of?"

Then, after a pause:

"Oh, yes; it is exactly like the New York subway."

And then Jonah began to gasp for breath.

Those Easter Bonnets.

Maude—I like the blossom on your hat, dear, it's a peach!
Cora—Yes, dearie, and the feather on yours is a bird!

Rather Queer.

"Queer thing about obligations," remarked the thoughtful thinker.

"What's queer about them?" queried the dense party.

"Why," explained the thoughtful thinker, "when a man is unable to meet them they meet him at every turn."

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity, either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

Firemen | Passenger Brakeman | Letter Carrier
Electrician | Electric Motorman | Locomotive
Porter | Railway Mail Clerk | Engineering

Prepare yourself at home. Positions open in every state. Wages position for sample lesson. INTER. BY. CORR. INST. Dept. A. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Hattie—Do you believe that the glad Easter festival we are celebrating was really suggested by the heathen customs?
Harry—Believe it? I know it. The heathen are alive yet, too, most of 'em making out bills for Easter bonnets.

JOLLITY

The Lady—My Easter hat was delivered here and hasn't been sent to my room. Where is it?

Hotel Clerk—Heavens, miss! Was that your hat? I thought it was a lamp shade, and told the chambermaid to put it on the table lamp in your parlor. I—I—I'm sorry.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 401, Blairsville, Pa.

No Room for Doubt.

"My dear," said Newed, sniffing suspiciously, "these eggs are not fresh."

"You must be mistaken, dearest," replied Mrs. Newed. "The grocer's boy brought them this morning."

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to hate her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Lady—Aha! de Easter bonnit dun de business. I know'd I'd ketch him wid it.

Natural Evidence.

Eva—Why, Katharine, your hair is all mussed up!

Katharine—Yes, dear; you—you see, Jack broke up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Eva—But why don't you step in front of a mirror and rearrange your hair?

Katharine—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

MELINDY'S EASTER HAT.

Uh seen Melindy ez she sat
T'day alone in huh church pew,
Melindy got de swellest hat—
She got dat hat fuh Eestah, too.
De preachuh tell how Adam bit
De fruit an' los' de garden yet
But Lindy got dat garden yet
Hit perch on top huh kinky hair.—McGrath.

He—My uncle is a vegetarian, so of course he is opposed to eating Easter eggs.
She—And so his little children can't have any?
He—He has tried to compromise by offering them hand-painted egg plant.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS Agents to fit glasses by sending for our Free Book on the eyes; it will tell you all about it. A business that increases you from $15 to $30 a week. Only honest, conscientious folk; the right kind of agents do it for you. No fad or gimmick, profitable or no time worked. No longer necessary to work for some one else at a meager salary. Every one needs glasses. Send for free book. It costs you nothing and tells all about this great business and where to get the best supplies at wholesale prices. Address LANKENSTEIN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. F, PARSONS, KANSAS.

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELING EXPENSES paid salesmen to sell pocket knives; experience unnecessary. PURITY KNIFE CO., Chicago.

$41.00 per Week and Expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Ferris Manufacturing Co., Dept. L, Varnado, Tex.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 39, PARSONS, Kansas

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. CAMILLA MFG. CO., DEPT. 7 PARSONS, KANS.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc., Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. PIEDMONT AGENCY CO., Box 72, L., New York

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Lonely or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Immediate address HORSTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 718, DANVILLE, Va.

$1.00 AN HOUR Introducing Electric Cards, Signs, Initials for Autos and Store Windows. Big demand. Write for terms and sample. Sells on sight. 2 to 6 daily. Manufacturers Sales Co., 23 S. 9th St., 1421 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

WANTED Good Man in each county to represent and introduce Stock Heaters. Experience unnecessary. $21.00 weekly. Expenses money allowed. Dept. L 28, The Columbia Heater, Chicago.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Poultry Powder (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. Expenses advanced. J. Babb Co., PARSONS, Kansas.

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS Catches two fish to common hook's one. Fish are unable to ever leave hook. Write for free sample and our 600 BOOK FREE offer. Agents wanted. Rex-I Specialty Co., Dept. 65, San Francisco, Cal.

Fish Will Bite Like hungry wolves all the season if you use Magic Fish Lure. Best fish bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish every time you go fishing. Write today and get our free offer. Agents wanted. Address F. F. Gregory, 3319 Dragon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SHAKER SIFTER Filled with Cellar sifted Sand. Free to Agents. One hand shaking this sifter sifts sand instead of shoveling. Big profits. Send for sheets with Catalog free. Dept. A1. Household Novelty Co., 32 Home Ave., Chicago.

ENERGETIC MEN WANTED

In every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show-cards on trees, fences and conspicuous places; distributing circulars and samples; no canvassing required. $60 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment. Horse and buggy necessary. Write for particulars. Address Wm. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada

AGENTS WANTED

We want Agents to sell Our Made-To-Order Suits and Pants. Sells from $3 to $5 per day. We will give liberal commission to the right man. If you are interested, write us for sample outfit, particulars and terms. Warrington Woolen & Worsted Mills, Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

'07 ARMAC MOTOR-CYCLES Ready for immediate delivery. AGENTS wanted in all open territory. Write for Cats. and terms. 8 H.P. simple to operate; always reliable. Get your name on our mailing list. ARMAC MOTOR CO., 472 CARROLL AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives and Shears; exclusive territory. Write for terms. Send stamp for catalogue.

AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big proposition to ambitious workers. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening knives are the quickest sellers for fully generations. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 39 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to receive 1,000 circulars and letters from agents? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending out circulars, advertising matter, papers and premium lists. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. Agents' DIRECTORY LISTS of names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for your name to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake, be sure to give your correct address and the name of your town. If within the U.S. any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years; refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

Revised.
Of modern philosophy
Here is a peep;
Beauty is oftentimes
Only clothes deep!

AGENTS Need no Money to go into the Picture Business. Everything furnished FREE, including a big expensive Set of Samples, Portfolio and Frames (the finest in all goods) to Agents. Many people are making $2,500 to $5,000 a year under our Plan, fully explained in our Catalogue now ready. We start you in the Picture Business with everything needed. Why Not Try at our expense! CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO., 190-196 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO.

DON'T BE FAT.

My New Obesity Reducer Quickly Reduces Your Weight to Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and Is Absolutely Safe.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

My new Obesity Reducer, taken at meal-time, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it

The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of This Wonderful Obesity Reducer—What It Has Done For Others It Can Do For You.

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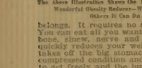

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The girl spoke with [illegible] lip and wrinkled brow. Stiley Towers, magnanimous as of old, was urging the girl to return to her old house from which she had been absent more than a month. Leone writhed in spirit. She could not accept this man's pity. She hated him and herself. Her life was a shattered fragment, and she would never try to win out again where she had once held up her head in the pride of innocent poverty.

"Nonsense, dear child—I—he patronized—you can live this down, other [illegible]

I will no, go, I tell you," he [illegible]

"But consider your father—"

"I consider nothing," she retorted sharply. [illegible] Sir, I am not what I was. She turned from him and stood on her feet.

"Where are you going?" he demanded quite coldly.

"To find him—my husband." The word [illegible] and unnatural.

He—our husband then.

She turned with an angry [illegible] White as a corpse, cold of a sudden suffering. He would never forg[illegible] that look.

"Forgive me, I—"

"Don't apologize for anything, Stiley Towers," she reiterated. "I know what the world thinks, but it is wrong. I shall find that man and have him acknowledge before the world, then I am ready to die."

With that she tore open the door and rushed out. He hesitated a single moment that was sufficient for her to evade him. She was gone from his life and for her, and he alone in Washington, to seek solace for the wound that afflicted his soul.

For hours the big man tramped the streets looking in vain for the face and form of one who had filled for so long the interior of his great heart.

Stiley Towers was a decade [illegible] when he sat that night and leaned his square chin upon his hand and watched the [illegible] through from the window of his [illegible] He saw nothing, heeded nothing. His quick [illegible]

Leone was in him in spirit if not in body. He still held her close in the warm embrace of his loving heart. He pitied her; he could do otherwise. He pitied himself more, however. That man Lapine—doubtless [illegible] was his name—had wrought and havoc, and must feel the hand of justice. It was to find and punish the villain that detained Stiley Towers in the capital city. The night waned and big

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Read the following and be convinced.

WE CAN CURE YOU.

Forty five years ago my father was wounded [illegible] in the battle of Gettysburg. [illegible] Ever since that time he has suffered untold agonies in America and in Europe, [illegible] After our father's death we found among his papers the following letter, which was written by him in the year 1893, and shown to his physician [illegible]

HAVE YOU CANCER, Tumors, Ulcers, Moles, Warts, Lupus, Leprosy, Catarrh, Salt-rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form.

DR. B. MIXER, 104 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Sheriff Towers sought a fevered couch. With the dawn of morning he was [illegible] upon the street.

He walked slowly, with bowed head and reflective face. A faint cry aroused him like a flash. There was a rumble and a roar as a big automobile swept across his vision.

In the dust of the street rolled the reddened, [illegible] clothes.

The stalwart country officer [illegible] to rescue, and lifted in his arms a [illegible] youth whose face was bleeding and crushed.

The passing hack received the twain, and Towers did not rest till he had laid his burden on the bed of a city hotel.

Standing back to look at the victim of the street monster, he saw a face that was not wholly new to him—that of Casper Lapine.

The little chef lay crushed and helpless [illegible] He could not live, that [illegible] apparent at a glance. Conscious of [illegible] joy at the thought, Stiley Towers [illegible] to [illegible] the hotel [illegible] on made his [illegible]

Presently the [illegible] of [illegible] from the doctor aroused the waiting [illegible]

"Come here," he called to the big [illegible] attendant. "He has [illegible] rescued this person from [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Is he [illegible]

"Is there no chance?"

"Not one in [illegible]

"Will this discovery [illegible] roll from the heart of [illegible]

"Indeed, [illegible] Casper Lapine was [illegible] could [illegible] to the big [illegible] to die [illegible]

"Now, [illegible]dain" suddenly broke the [illegible]

"I know [illegible] only that this person [illegible] Her history [illegible] I know nothing about." [illegible] Will she regain consciousness, think you, Doctor?"

"I think so."

Stiley Towers went from the ward [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] that evening. He hurried to the [illegible] of the injured one. "[illegible] him in the office."

"You are Stiley Towers of Huntoon, Michigan?"

"I am."

"Then come in; she wants you."

The Stiley Towers stood and glared when he reached the bedside. A great metamorphosis had taken place. Chastity, pale, with a wondrous sadness in her slumberous black orbs, the slender victim sat propped with pillows. She could not be [illegible] beautiful, but there was a ghostly welcoming smile on her lips as she stretched [illegible]

"Sit down," she whispered huskily. "Alberta Drawley!" exclaimed he, a queer feeling shooting [illegible]

"Is there anything strange in that?" she smiled. Her old, tantalizing way. "Sit and let us talk."

He crouched quickly down and took her hand.

"I am going to die," she said with an effort. Thinking, he stooped and put his [illegible] applied a handkerchief to her lips from which the blood started [illegible]

"I know," he said, infinite pity in his voice.

"It will do not good to hope [illegible] that is from the seat of life," her eyes dilating at sight of the blood-stained rag. "I must talk rapidly. They sent him my brother—to prison."

"Yes, your evidence sent him there. Miss [illegible]

[illegible] was a mistake."

The man leaned eagerly forward. A conflict was evidently going on in his mind. He waited, breathless with expectation.

Alfred is innocent—

"Yes, yes. Go on, please. You

"No, I did not kill Rhoda," said her, but I could not do that. We quarreled bitterly. She grew wild, and attempted to stab me with a dagger. I fought for my life. In the struggle the woman turned the point of the dagger against herself. I left her to her dying horror my eyes. I ran from the room. An instant later Alfred entered. You know the rest. I saw a chance to save his life away, and I did it. Why? Because he and I were always meeting to get aid of his father's property. With him out of the world I would inherit it. There was no murder, and I am glad that I am not guilty of that."

She paused, gasping.

The nurse administered brandy and Alberta spoke again.

"I [illegible] of a man in a [illegible] chief, and because I hoped to find Alfred and bring him to prison. I succeeded in no [illegible] As for Lapine, [illegible] Gannon, if was just fun. I carried it through, got my money, and [illegible] her. She hates me now, but we were legally married all the same. Now—oh, sir, can you forgive me? I was a clever girl, she is worthy [illegible] good man's love, and—"

Another gush of blood hushed her voice. She sank away, apparently dead.

It was not the last summons, however. Towers went for a magistrate. Alberta lived long enough to make an auto mortem statement to him regarding the case of Alfred Drawley, after which she sank into unconsciousness and in a few hours passed away.

Leone Gannon stood beside the dead. [illegible] put hand hung the pale attire of [illegible] who had wrought so much of evil [illegible] Towers had [illegible] [illegible] her almost forcibly [illegible] [illegible] They walked from the room together.

"Oh, the shame of it!" gasped the scarcely breathing Leone.

"There is no shame. You will go home and forget. All's will yet be happy, and [illegible] hand from her and at [illegible] to die, her veil covering her [illegible] face. She managed to escape him again [illegible] night she was whirled from the city in one of the fastest trains, and alone [illegible] Towers, armed with the dying statement of Alberta, hastened his return to the Wolverine State, exited because of the [illegible] to find young souls.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] placed [illegible] [illegible] place for a hundred years. [illegible] of the count. Hastile now at Huntoon [illegible] been a happy [illegible] Alice and Drawley were [illegible] to congratulate him on his [illegible] and [illegible] to wish them [illegible] were united in marriage [illegible] the latter stepped from his [illegible] free [illegible]

[illegible] were even now spending their honeymoon in [illegible] of France [illegible] broken in spirit, lay ill at [illegible] He mourned the [illegible] his calamity, who had not [illegible] with her father after her [illegible] Little Alice.

The [illegible] with Gannon when the latter [illegible] out from his sick bed a belief that Leo[illegible] was dead.

[illegible] would come to me now if she was [illegible]

[illegible] almost believe she is dead, said [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] has hidden her.

"Heaven bless the girl [illegible] [illegible] door opened and [illegible] in skirts, and a slender, print-rowned form sank down at the bedside. Kisses were showered upon the old face on the pillow, while hot tears rained down. Towers stood up [illegible] widowed.

Leone had indeed come at last. The old Roberts [illegible] lying, all she would be there to comfort his last hour.

"Papa, can you forgive me? I only knew of this [illegible]

The words were broken by sobs. He grasped [illegible] face, while he laughed and cried in turn.

"My little girl back again," he sobbed. And then [illegible] While it reigned Stiley Towers glibbed from the room.

Leone [illegible] evening where the romance and sorrow of her young [illegible] had begun. Leone Gannon stood one October day, reading the [illegible] announcement of all that Nature held in the sleeping [illegible]

Down there, a little way, was the thicket where she had first met Alfred Drawley in [illegible] from the angry mob. That meeting and her befriending the suspected murderer, had led to the [illegible] events that were as wonderful as they were unique.

[illegible] later, the doctor says. My home-coming has saved him, I am so glad—"

And so am I, Leone."

The girl started, scarcely repressing a [illegible]

Stiley Towers, strong and more handsome than ever, confronted her. His face wore a smile, the memory [illegible] had sat quiet [illegible] months ago when he had told her the story of [illegible] while the [illegible] had [illegible] the ground in fear [illegible] twenty [illegible] The girl shrank at sight of his [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] small, and knew [illegible] her

[illegible] You know me [illegible] she asked half [illegible]

[illegible] the same [illegible] that I have followed in your [illegible] for years. I am in a position to make demands now, Leone.

[illegible] It [illegible] I am not disputing your [illegible] [illegible] if were not for poor [illegible] I never have come—"

"Never [illegible] I should have followed you to the end of the [illegible] Leone," he said in his [illegible] He stood at her [illegible] and put an arm about her trim waist [illegible] been quite enough of masquerading, my dear—"

It had [illegible] slim white hand, and was stripping a band of gold over one of the taper fingers.

"It is the same ring, Leone. I knew I will not cast it aside again." He [illegible]

"Stiley, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and trembled. Gladness brightened her heart as it had never done before.

"Do you mean it?" she murmured. "Oh, Stiley, can you forgive my silly outbreaks at [illegible]

"Yes, [illegible] forgiving ogre. No, Leone. You have sinned whitely, so have I. We shall love each other better for all of the suffering."

He kissed her blushing face and led her back to her father.

(The end.)

Salary Grabbing.

The bookkeeper timidly approached.

"If you [illegible] so," he said, "I would like a raise."

"You are fairly [illegible] the capitalists. Do you want to [illegible] to the general level of a Congressman? I won't be a party to your downfall."

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SONG POEMS WANTED, $100 Musical Compositions. We pay [illegible] Write [illegible] Manuscripts. We compose and Arrange melodies FREE of charge. [illegible] GEO. ARGEE BUSBEE CO., 70 W. 29th St., New York.

How to be HAPPY tho' MARRIED [illegible] SEND 10c. [illegible]

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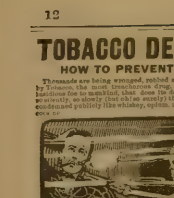
GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

TOBACCO DEATH

HOW TO PREVENT IT.

Thousands are being wrecked, robbed and murdered by Tobacco, the most treacherous drug, and the most insidious foe to mankind, that does its dastardly work persistently, so slowly (but oh! so surely) that it is never condemned publicly like whiskey, opium, morphine and cocaine.



Millions are robbed of health and murdered by tobacco, whose hundreds are affected by these four well-known life powers. Millions are spent each year for the terrible death-dealing drug in the form of tobacco in all its forms. Millions are made rich off our [illegible] Tobacco [illegible] Millions are [illegible] Tobacco [illegible] Millions are [illegible] Tobacco [illegible] Millions are

wonderful spectacle, and then he picked up some of the mineral and examined it. Of course he knew nothing about it—had no idea what the mineral was.

"I'll take some of it back with me, though," he murmured. "Mr. Gates will know what it is, no doubt."

He knew that he could find the place again, for he was now becoming quite familiar with the lay of the country.

Placing a couple of pieces of the mineral in his knapsack, he shouldered his Winchester and set out again. An hour later he succeeded in shooting a black-tail deer, and he set out for Reno, arriving there late in the evening.

The miners all had fresh venison for supper, and Roy was several dollars richer. He and Mr. Gates had some of the venison, also, and they enjoyed it.

When supper was over and Mr. Gates had lighted his pipe for his evening smoke he asked carelessly:

"Have any luck, from the prospector's standpoint, today, Roy?"

This made Roy remember his adventure of the afternoon, and he said somewhat eagerly:

"I struck something queer, Mr. Gates. I shot at a deer and missed it, but my bullet went on and hit the face of a cliff, and you never saw such a spectacle in all your life! It was beautiful—dazzling! Millions of brilliant shooting stars went up into the air, and when I went and examined it I found a strange mineral. I don't know what it is, but I brought some home, and you'll know, doubtless."

Roy produced the two pieces of mineral from his knapsack and handed one to Mr. Gates, who looked at a few moments and then said, reflectively:

"It's as fine as mica much of it."

"Oh, yes; acres and acres of it, Mr. Gates. The whole mountain seems to be of that stuff. There is more than an army of men could dig out in a lifetime."

"That's a fortune, Roy," said Mr. Gates quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Roy, amazed, almost doubting the evidence of his hearing. "That stuff worth a fortune?"

"Exactly. It certainly is!" was the decided reply.

"And you made a 'strike'?" exclaimed Roy.

"You have, my boy!"

"Is—do you suppose that my strike is worth—a million dollars?" Roy spoke the last three words almost in a whisper.

"It's worth more than that, Roy," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, glory!" cried Roy, his eyes shining with delight. "Then I have done what I set out to do, after all! I have made a 'million-dollar strike!' Mr. Gates, I'm the luckiest boy in the world!"

CHAPTER X.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

When Roy Wells uttered the exclamation that he had made a million-dollar strike, and that he was the luckiest boy in the world, a human face was pressed against the window and a pair of gleaming eyes were on the two pieces of the cabin and on the pieces of mineral that they held in their hands.

But Mr. Gates and Roy were ignorant of this fact. They did not think of such a thing, and there might be listeners about.

What troubled Roy, just at that moment—after the joy was over—was the question that arose after all Mr. Gates might be mistaken about the value of the "strike." "Suppose it proves to be fake—mica?" he asked after a few moments.

"That is it really valuable?"

"Is it worth four thousand dollars a ton in the shape it is now?"

Roy gasped.

"Four tons!" he exclaimed, after getting his breath. "Four thousand dollars a ton?"

"Just so—in blocks that will permit of being split up into sheets an inch in thickness."

"Why, there are thousands of such blocks up there, Mr. Gates!"

"That is good for you, my boy."

"But, what makes mica so valuable? What is it used for?"

"For many things, Roy. It is made into stove windows, lamp shades, fire-proofing material of various kinds, and is much used in electrical manufactures, as it is one of the best non-conductors of electricity that is known. The demand in the United States is much greater than the supply, and more than a thousand tons were imported into the United States from Canada and India, last year."

"Well, well!"

"Why, just to give you an idea of the value of your strike, Roy, I will say that there is a chunk or mica of eight hundred dollars a ton! Just think of that!"

Roy stared.

"It beats anything I ever heard of!" he said. "Four thousand dollars a ton—whew! And there must be thousands and thousands of tons in that mountain that I discovered!"

"No doubt of it, Roy. So your million-dollar strike is indeed a reality."

"Mica is queer stuff, isn't it?" remarked Roy, after a few moments.

"It certainly is. Why, a sheet one inch in thickness, Roy, will split up into four thousand sheets, more regular and perfect than anything that has ever been manufactured by the hand of man!"

"Goodness!"

"The most famous and valuable mica mine in the world," went on Mr. Gates, "is the 'Old Ruby' mine in New Hampshire. It has been mined since 1803 and more than thirteen million dollars' worth of mica has been taken out of it."

"Thirteen million dollars' worth!—phew!"

"It wouldn't surprise me if your strike turned out to be even more valuable, Roy."

Roy threw up his hands and laughed.

"Oh, say! don't talk any more in that strain, Mr. Gates! If you do, you'll have me clear up in the air! A million dollars looks plenty good enough for me, and so I am going to call it a million-dollar strike."

Mr. Gates smiled.

"It is well enough to be modest, my boy," he agreed. "Call it a million-dollar strike, and then let it develop into a much greater one, if it wants to."

"That is what I shall do. But, Mr. Gates, what shall I do? Shall I go tomorrow and stake out my claims?"

"Certainly, my boy. You must not delay about that, as some one else might stumble upon the mine."

"I'll go the first thing in the morning and stake off my claims."

"And then you will have to go to the county seat and register the claims."

"True, sir, and now, what county is the strike in?"

"What direction does it lie from here?"

"Northwest—more west than north."

"Then the strike is in Park County."

"And the county seat is——"

"Pixie Flat."

"How far is it?"

"About thirty-five miles."

"Can I go there by train?"

"Yes, but it is farther than if you were to go across country on horseback."

"Then I'll go on horseback—if I can get a horse."

"I have one here that I will lend you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gates!"

"I have some stakes here that you can use; they are the ones that I used in staking off my claims, you know."

"I am much obliged, sir."

"You are more than welcome, Roy."

They went to bed presently, but Roy was so excited that he did not get to sleep till long after midnight, then he did not sleep soundly. He dreamed of his mica mine, and that he was the greatest mining king in the country.

He was up bright and early next morning, but breakfast he could eat, he was so excited. He could hardly bring himself to believe that he had been so fortunate as to make a million-dollar strike.

But the proof of it was there—the two pieces of mica that he had brought home with him.

The foreman of the mine came in, while they were at breakfast, and reported to Mr. Gates that two of the men were missing.

"Can't find them, then, that's all," queried Mr. Gates.

"I don't know that" was the reply. "The strangest thing about it is that there is nearly a week's wages due to them. I wouldn't have thought that they would go without the money."

"That does seem rather strange."

"Yes."

"Perhaps they have gone down to the town to have a spree," Mr. Gates suggested.

"Perhaps so. Anyway, they will likely come back for their money."

"No doubt."

Roy filled his knapsack with food and claim-stakes—three parts claim-stakes to one part food—after that, bidding good-bye to Mr. Gates, set out, his Winchester on his shoulder.

Unknown to and unsuspected by Roy, he was followed, at a distance, by two men, who skulked among the scrub-oak and underbrush and behind rocks.

Had Roy been suspicious that he was being followed, he would undoubtedly have discovered the men, but he was unsuspicious and kept on his way. Each of the two men carried a package under his arm.

"We don't want to have no 'stallion—we'll just wait after all, Mr. Gates might be mistaken about the value of the 'strike,'" said one of the men. "Then we'll be in—mica!" He said this a few moments.

"That is it, Tim."

"That is it really valuable?"

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Mr. Gates smiled.

"It is well enough to be modest, my boy," he agreed. "Call it a million-dollar strike, and then let it develop into a much greater one, if it wants to."

"That is what I shall do. But, Mr. Gates, what shall I do? Shall I go tomorrow and stake out my claims?"

"Certainly, my boy. You must not delay about that, as some one else might stumble upon the mine."

"I'll go the first thing in the morning and stake off my claims."

"And then you will have to go to the county seat and register the claims."

"True, sir, and now, what county is the strike in?"

"What direction does it lie from here?"

"Northwest—more west than north."

"Then the strike is in Park County."

"And the county seat is——"

"Pixie Flat."

"How far is it?"

"About thirty-five miles."

"Can I go there by train?"

"Yes, but it is farther than if you were to go across country on horseback."

"Then I'll go on horseback—if I can get a horse."

"I have one here that I will lend you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gates!"

"I have some stakes here that you can use; they are the ones that I used in staking off my claims, you know."

"I am much obliged, sir."

"You are more than welcome, Roy."

They went to bed presently, but Roy was so excited that he did not get to sleep till long after midnight, then he did not sleep soundly. He dreamed of his mica mine, and that he was the greatest mining king in the country.

He was up bright and early next morning, but breakfast he could eat, he was so excited. He could hardly bring himself to believe that he had been so fortunate as to make a million-dollar strike.

But the proof of it was there—the two pieces of mica that he had brought home with him.

The foreman of the mine came in, while they were at breakfast, and reported to Mr. Gates that two of the men were missing.

"Can't find them, then, that's all," queried Mr. Gates.

"I don't know that" was the reply. "The strangest thing about it is that there is nearly a week's wages due to them. I wouldn't have thought that they would go without the money."

"That does seem rather strange."

"Yes."

"Perhaps they have gone down to the town to have a spree," Mr. Gates suggested.

"Perhaps so. Anyway, they will likely come back for their money."

"No doubt."

Roy filled his knapsack with food and claim-stakes—three parts claim-stakes to one part food—after that, bidding good-bye to Mr. Gates, set out, his Winchester on his shoulder.

Unknown to and unsuspected by Roy, he was followed, at a distance, by two men, who skulked among the scrub-oak and underbrush and behind rocks.

Had Roy been suspicious that he was being followed, he would undoubtedly have discovered the men, but he was unsuspicious and kept on his way. Each of the two men carried a package under his arm.

"We don't want to have no 'stallion—we'll just wait after all, Mr. Gates might be mistaken about the value of the 'strike,'" said one of the men. "Then we'll be in—mica!" He said this a few moments.

"That is it, Tim."

"That is it really valuable?"

"Is it worth four thousand dollars a ton in the shape it is?"

Roy gasped.

"Four tons!" he exclaimed, after getting his breath. "Four thousand dollars a ton?"

"Just so—in blocks that will permit of being split up into sheets an inch in thickness."

"Why, there are thousands of such blocks up there, Mr. Gates!"

"That is good for you, my boy."

"But, what makes mica so valuable? What is it used for?"

"For many things, Roy. It is made into stove windows, lamp shades, fire-proofing material of various kinds, and is much used in electrical manufactures, as it is one of the best non-conductors of electricity that is known. The demand in the United States is much greater than the supply, and more than a thousand tons were imported into the United States from Canada and India, last year."

"Well, well!"

"Why, just to give you an idea of the value of your strike, Roy, I will say that there is a chunk or mica of eight hundred dollars a ton! Just think of that!"

Roy stared.

"It beats anything I ever heard of!" he said. "Four thousand dollars a ton—whew! And there must be thousands and thousands of tons in that mountain that I discovered!"

"No doubt of it, Roy. So your million-dollar strike is indeed a reality."

"Mica is queer stuff, isn't it?" remarked Roy, after a few moments.

"It certainly is. Why, a sheet one inch in thickness, Roy, will split up into four thousand sheets, more regular and perfect than anything that has ever been manufactured by the hand of man!"

"Goodness!"

"The most famous and valuable mica mine in the world," went on Mr. Gates, "is the 'Old Ruby' mine in New Hampshire. It has been mined since 1803 and more than thirteen million dollars' worth of mica has been taken out of it."

"Thirteen million dollars' worth!—phew!"

"It wouldn't surprise me if your strike turned out to be even more valuable, Roy."

Roy threw up his hands and laughed.

"Oh, say! don't talk any more in that strain, Mr. Gates! If you do, you'll have me clear up in the air! A million dollars looks plenty good enough for me, and so I am going to call it a million-dollar strike."

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DOCTOR'S ALL AGREE THIS TIME.

The most eminent writers on *Materia Medica*, whose works are consulted as authorities and guides in prescribing by physicians of all the different schools of practice, extol, in the most positive terms, the curative virtues of each and every ingredient entering into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In fact it is the only medicine, put up for sale through druggists for the cure of all diseases of the mucous surfaces, as nasal catarrh, throat, laryngeal, and bronchial affections attended by lingering, or hang-on-coughs that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any amount of lay or non-professional testimonials.

Do not expect too much from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will not work miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. Nor is the "Discovery" good for a sudden attack of acute cough, but for the lingering, obstinate, hang-on-coughs, accompanying catarrhal, throat, laryngeal and bronchial affections, it is a most efficacious remedy. In cases accompanied with wasting of flesh, night-sweats, weak lungs, and poor digestion with faulty assimilation, and which, if neglected or badly treated are apt to lead to consumption, the "Discovery" has proved wonderfully successful in effecting cures.

Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the Golden Medical Discovery is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether in the head, throat, stomach, or other mucous or blood organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it cures in this severest forms, especially if its use be persevered in. In Chronic Catarrh of the nasal passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, bitter or sour risings in throat after eating, kindred, symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver, biliousness and impure stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and rids to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood, thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, blood taint or other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't keep it, you have no "substitution-use" for, you can easily procure it by enclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Now don't be swayed away from the battle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as a blood medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in *plain English*, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing the *strongest possible terms*, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be seen that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, whisky, tobacco or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from non-alcoholic extracts of great value.

Some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down" and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indian women of the forest in effecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal principles entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was learned of the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal herbs was gained from the Indians.

And now, by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficacious remedy for those distressing pains, regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, enteverted and retroverted uterus, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

It's an insult to your intelligence for any dealer to endeavor to palm off upon you some nostrum of unknown composition in place of Dr. Pierce's well-known medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Most dealers prefer to sell Dr. Pierce's medicines because they know what they are made of and what the ingredients employed are among the most valuable in a medicine for life purposes can be made of. The same is true of leading physicians who do not hesitate to recommend these medicines, since they know exactly what they contain and that every ingredient entering into them is known to medical science for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended.

With tricky dealers it is different.

Something else that you down a little greater profit will be urged upon you as "just as good," or even better. You can handle it with confidence. It is made of *unknown composition* and without any recommendation except the name of Dr. Pierce's medicines which are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and have a record for forty years of cures behind them. You know what you want and if the dealer's business is supply that want. *Insist* upon it.

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Fair Play, the county seat, and file the claims and pay the fees for so doing, when he would receive a patent from the agent of the Government.

Concealed within the edge of a grove of scrub-oak were the two men who watched Roy with eager eyes, and they conversed excitedly in low tones.

At last Roy finished, and with a sigh of satisfaction he turned and headed toward Richton. His work here was finished; now to get back to town, and then on the morrow he would ride to Fair Play and enter the claims.

No sooner was Roy out of sight than the two men emerged from their hiding place, and they at once went to work, and in an hour's time had pulled up all of Roy's stakes and had replaced them with stakes of their own, on which were written their names.

The two were the miners who had disappeared from Richton, and one of the two was the owner of the face that had been pressed against the window of Mr. Gates' cabin the evening before, when he and Roy were examining the samples of mica and talking about the youth's wonderful strike.

There was no doubt about it—these two miners were going to "jump" Roy's claims!

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to form characters with the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like, our fine President Portraits without cost, or the setting of Yale College entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Getting Even.

President Arthur Hadley of Yale, has a couple of sons who inherit a good deal of the genius and independent thought of their father. One morning Mrs. Hadley got up and went into the bathroom and found her youngest, aged 3 years, busy sailing some tin vessels and fish in the bathtub, guiding them with a magnet. She gathered up the toys and told the youngster that he must defer his amusement, as his papa wanted to take his bath.

He did submitted with bad grace, but went out in the street. Presently he met a lad.

"Do you want to know something?" he remarked. "The president of Yale College won't have any bath this morning. Do you want to know why? 'Cause I have got the thing in the tub in my pocket an' it's going to stay there, see?"—Life.

A Business Man

He was a speculator, and for a year past nothing had been coming his way except expenses. Misfortunes never come by themselves. One day his daughter informed him in a cold and unfeeling manner that if he did not give her a diamond tiara worth at least £150 she would elope with the coachman.

"Come to my arms, my darling child," he exclaimed, as the tears of joy coursed down the wrinkled cheeks; "come to my arms."

"Do I get the tiara?" she asked, hesitating on the accepted his invitation.

"Of course not," he smiled delightedly; "you get the coachman. I owe him eight months' wages."

It may not cost any more to keep two than one, but the father of many a marriageable girl isn't willing to take chances.

HOW CAN WE HUMBUG YOU?

You Don't Pay A Cent

Until you know, until you see, until you feel, until you are sure. We cannot get a penny from you until you know that we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitæ-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. We snatch our remedy against your ailments. You must experience actual, positive, visible good before you pay for it. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger, healthier, from using it.

You Are To Be the Judge

You don't pay for promises, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you do not pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you grow better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

If You Cannot See It

If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—**that ends the matter and you pay nothing.** How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire say? Why should you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are suffering and need help? What reasons have you for delay, and do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. **Start your cure immediately.**

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! And we ask to that you use Vitæ-Ore for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 30 minutes during the next 5 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 5 minutes each day for 30 days to smile. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 200 minutes time? It means more than a dollar to you, it means health, it means new life, it means happiness and strength. Are you not willing to write us? We are willing to send you a perfectly reliable treatment, we want you to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you grow better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

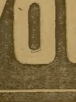
WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted Curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs exist from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a small portion of the medicinal substances in those mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore contains all of the medicinal virtues of these deposits, elements which are among the chief curative agents in many of the most famous springs, and which are necessary to create and retain health and vitality in the body. Vitæ-Ore is a scientific blending of a number of World's Remedies, all medicinal and curative, being the rarest, most precious of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

Permanently Cured

Used Two Packages Two Years Ago, Was Permanently Cured and Has Had No Return of the Trouble.

SMEATH, MO.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1876 and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement. I have used no other medicine and I send for the trial package.



I read the directions and sent for the three months' treatment. After I finished the second package I was astonished at the result. I used the third package to make the cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not felt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I sent for the trial package I did not expect to receive more than a letter telling me to write for more testimonials, but in a few days I received a large box containing enough medicine for three months' treatment. I did not

One Idea of Luxury.

"Luxury is having what you're not used to every day," said the traveling man. "That my definition is accurate is shown by a bit of my own experience.

"I hit the steel rail a good deal, and most of my travel during a certain part of the year is in the comparatively sparsely settled West, where, if you miss one train, you'll not right where you are for the next twenty-four hours or walk. My work permits me to keep traveling rapidly from town to town and to get tied up in one place for a whole day is a serious thing. So you can imagine the state of nervous intensity that prevails with me in those lonely regions when I think of the daily train and the penalty of missing it.

"Well, after a lot of that sort of one-train-a-day, last-chance business, I arrived in Pittsburg one morning with an appointment for that night in Washington, Pa., a few miles west. I found on consulting the official guide, that there were trains to that town at intervals of an hour or two all day long. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed too good to be true.

"When finally the fact soaked through my head I exclaimed joyously: 'I can actually miss a train or two if I want to and still make my date!'

"Then in an exuberance of spirits such as I seldom know, I began to miss trains, for the pure fun of it. I would rush to a street car and hasten to the B. & O. station, I would run breathlessly to the train-caller and ask if the train for Washington had gone. When he solemnly affirmed that it would say: 'Oh, pshaw!' disappointedly, and turn away, frowning outwardly and giggling with glee inside of me. Then I would hurry to the Pennsylvania station a minute or two late for the next train on that line, and repeat the performance with the caller there.

"Honestly, I never enjoyed anything in my whole life any more than I enjoyed that train-missing debauch. Finally professional caution asserted itself and I caught the next to the last train for my destination."

One Secret She Kept.

Miss Mary S. Anthony, the sister of the famous Susan B. Anthony, was talking about the old, old accusation against woman that she cannot keep a secret.

"A woman," said Miss Anthony, "can keep an important secret as well as a man. The secrets she reveals are slight and harmless ones. If a man any man would reveal. Where is the woman who ever tells a secret that reflects on her husband or her own children?

"I know a man who one day refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest.

"'No,' he sneered, 'I won't tell you. If I did, you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret.'

"John, said the woman quietly, 'have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?'"

A Sad Case.

Missionary (Pacific Islands)—What is the matter with that man?

Native Doctor—He hafa vats you calla Gelferine ferments.

Missionary—My! My! The poor fellow must have eaten a Kentuckian.

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5593 MISSES JUMPER WAIST WITH GUIMPE 14 AND 16 YEARS

5492 SEVEN GORED WALKING SKIRT 22 TO 32 WAIST

5565 BLOUSE WAIST 32 TO 40 BUST

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We will give you a new Pair worth $5 FREE And a FANCY VEST FREE SUIT CASE and every Bird Cager one of our $50 SUITS

Made to measure, to your order from fashionable cloth cut and tailored in the latest style and finished equal to the BEST $50 ONLY $10.00

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We have customers in every state of the union now wearing our $5 Suits—why not you?

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the extra pair of fine worsted pants will be given free in fancy dress goods, and a panel rain cape, all FREE with your First Suit.

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When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A WINTER ROMANCE.

A sunbeam loved a snowflake,
So pure and lily white;
He smiled at her in day time
And pined for her at night.

He wanted much to fold her
Close to his fiery heart;
He loved her, so he told her,
And hoped they ne'er should part.

But this sweet little snowflake
Was wary of the sun;
Refused his warm advances
And hid from him in fun.

Said she: "I love a moonbeam
Who courts me every night;
He kisses me with moonshine,
And makes me silver bright."

But still the brilliant sunbeam
Adored Miss Snowyheart;
He vowed he'd woo and win her,
And melt her icy heart.

Right soon the little snowflake
Grew tired of a silver ray;
She longed for golden brightness,
That she might shine by day.

So inch by inch she wavered
Till the ardent bright sun's dart
Caressed and won her over
And warmed her frozen heart.

Just Common Sense.

"Charlie, Charlie, come quick," cried Mabel, in a voice shrill with terror; "the puppy's in the cherry!"

Charlie obeyed instantly, dropping the old pan into which he had deposited several of potato bugs.

Even the swift thought that they would crawl into the house and hurt to be gathered over again did not stay his footsteps. What were a few hours' work, even though hard and disagreeable, when compared with the life of his beautiful New-foundland puppy?

He thought it would be the work of a few minutes to rescue the little fellow. An old tin pail was at hand. Mabel brought the clothesline, and, in a moment or two the pail descended into the black hollow.

Charlie floated it close to the puppy, at the same time calling to him in coaxing and wheedling tones. But the good little animal found it impossible to reach his feet upon the hard and shining sides of the pail. He struggled bravely, at the same time crying pitifully.

Mabel, who was watching eagerly, at last began to cry loudly, as she saw the puppy's repeated vain attempts.

"He's going to drown, I know he is," she sobbed aloud. "See, he can hardly keep his head out of the water now."

The hired man was just driving into the barn as she made the outcry. He dropped the reins on the horse's back, and with a few strides, reached the cistern, and gave one glance into its depths.

He next jerked the clothesline around so that he had hold of the end that lay on the ground, at the same time calling to Charlie, "Get me that wooden pail on the steps, there."

The wooden pail soon struck the water close to poor puppy's head. He threw out his feet in one last desperate effort. They clung fast, and in another moment the poor little soaked body was in Charlie's arms.

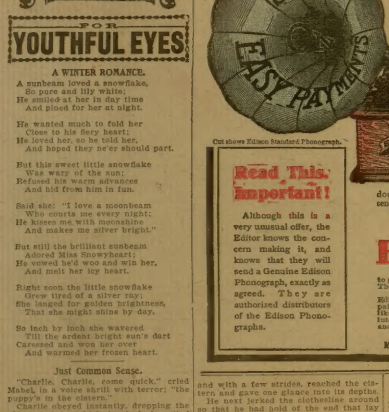
"How did you happen to think of the wooden pail?" asked Mabel, looking at the hero she had in such admiration.

"Common sense," said the man, turning to his work again.

"Common sense," repeated Mabel; "let's go tell mother; you know she's always saying that it's better to have common sense than talent."

Their New Cow.

A gentleman living in the country had just brought a new cow, and all his children were in a great state of excitement about it. On the following Sunday they had ice cream for dessert, and when it was brought to little Tommie, who was only 3, looked round the table, and announced proudly to everyone present, "Tom's that a lovely ice cream? Our new cow made it."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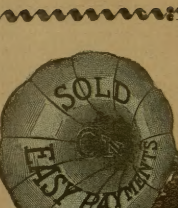

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We will send you a Genuine Edison Phonograph with large Floral Horn and a dozen Genuine Edison Gold-moulded Records without asking you to send us a cent of money in advance or to pay for it C. O. D. **Now just stop and think and realize what this means!**

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Just think of what it means to be able to entertain yourself and friends with the highest class of musical, operatic and vaudeville selections! You can make yourself famous as an entertainer; you can double your popularity in a day. Send us your name and have the Phonograph sent at once.

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Although this is a very unusual offer, the Editor knows the concern making it, and knows that they will send a Genuine Edison Phonograph, exactly as agreed. They are authorized distributors of the Edison Phonographs.

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Thomas A. Edison

After you have sent in your name and received the Phonograph, you may have two days to give it a thorough free trial. Have your friends hear it. See if they are not delighted. Then if you may keep complete outfit, only sending us monthly payments of trifling amount.

We can sell you a genuine Edison Gem Phonograph outfit complete, including Twelve Edison Gold-moulded Records for $20.00. We one could sell it to you for less, even if you paid cash in advance, but we can arrange to let you pay as little as $1.00 a month if you like. We will send you the Phonograph, exactly as agreed, and if you are not entirely satisfactory in every way after you receive it, you may return it at our expense if not entirely satisfactory; if not all and more than we represent. **Remember This! No C. O. D. No cash in advance.**

Write for Free Guide to Latest Music.

MUSICAL ECHO CO., Edison Distributors, Dept. 67, 1215 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Boy Who Would Be Captain.

"I speak to be captain," cried Luke Edwards, just as soon as he put his head round the corner of the barn where the other boys were already assembled.

"Well, you won't be," replied Tommy Green, indignantly; "we'n't fair coming on us that way. You're always doing things when we ain't ready, to get ahead of us. Besides, I think it's my company." Willie Jackson spoke of it first, and asked us to meet here, and this is his barn, and here to train on his land, and of course he ought to have first choice."

"Then he ought to have spoke first," mocked Luke, "He didn't, so I'm captain."

"But you don't know as much 'bout training," expostulated Tommy, though less vehemently. "Willie's brother's in college, and he understands things, and—and is lieutenant."

"Well, I guess I can walk on ahead and give orders and wave my sword, can't I?" sneered Luke. "I guess not. That's want a captain's for. And then I'm the captain and I speak first."

"O, let him be captain if he wants to," interposed Willie, generously; "what's the use?"

"But he can't do it so well as you can," "He can learn," smiled Willie, "that's what I'm trying to do. If I find out anything he don't know, I can show him."

So in spite of the general feeling of discontent, Luke became captain and marched on ahead at the head of his sword and called out sharp and contradictory commands, which the 20 boys tried to obey as well as Willie assured them that a soldier's first duty was to obey.

But as to accepting Willie's advice, that was something Luke would not do; it was a reflection on his dignity as captain to receive advice from the ranks. And more than that, Luke insisted on putting his brother in lieutenant and his two cousins second lieutenant and sergeant, and to keep the peace Willie persuaded his companions to accept the situation.

Thus it went on until along in October, when the town was thrown into sudden excitement by the unexpected arrival of an old resident who had gone away and in 20 years had risen to be a famous general.

Of course, there was a hurriedly arranged parade, in which the prominent men and the band and school children took part, and in which—to their consternation and delight—the Invincibles were asked to join.

They were at the very end of the parade, and when they came opposite the house of the little boys the spectators were astonished to see the general suddenly leave his chair and approach them.

"Very good, very good, indeed," he commended. "It takes me back 40 years. I'm company that I commanded in this very street some 40 years ago. But I have a proposition to make to you boys, that I hope you'll agree to."

"We will," they cried in chorus.

"Wait till I get through," genially. "There are some defects in your manoeuvering which I noticed and would like to remedy. If you will let me reorganize the company I will give you a full outfit of caps and belts and wooden guns, and swords for officers. Do you agree?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried the boys.

"Good!" Now you go through all your movements carefully. I will watch and give you 20 minutes. I want to study each man."

At the end of 20 minutes he held up his hand.

"That will do," he called. "The boy with the brown cap will step from the line; he will be your captain."

The boy with the brown cap was Willie Jackson.

"Now that boy in the baseball suit, and the one with the red tie, and the one who carries a broom handle. They will be your first and second lieutenants and sergeant."

The boy in the baseball suit was Tommy Green, the others were two who had closely followed Willie's advice to obey orders. Luke Edwards stared at the general incredulously.

"But what'll I be?" he demanded.

"O, you will have to go back into the ranks, my boy;" the general smiled. "It will be for your own good. No one can command until he knows how."

A BABY IN A BAG.

A baby in a cradle is a common sight, but we never saw a baby that lived in a bag? asks a writer in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

When the kangaroo baby is born it is not as large as a mouse, so it is kind enough to put it in a safe warm bag. There it has nothing to do for a long time but eat and drink and grow fat.

When it is 7 or 8 months old it begins to get restless, and wants to see the outside world, so its mother lets it come out, look around and take a nibble of sweet, green grass.

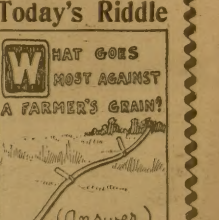
But it soon grows tired and is glad to slip back into its warm and cozy nursery.

When the mother is frightened or sees a strange creature coming, off she hurries with the little one and bag.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Nell is the sweetest little maid,
With laughing lips and merry eyes;
All trustful, blithe, and unafraid,
A winsome fairy in disguise.

Belle is the sourest little lass,
With frowning brow and pouting lips;
Her tongue's stings come in gusts,
Her sun is always in eclipse.

And yet, these little girls are twins,
As near alike as any pins.

Today's Riddle